

SPECIAL SECTION

A Day in the Life of the
SOVIET UNION
Rout on Wall St. • Explosions in the Gulf

OCTOBER 26, 1987

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TIME



A 38-Page Portrait of the Changing Superpower

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RESEARCH SHOWS SIX OF THE WAYS TO HELP REDUCE YOUR RISK OF CANCER. INCLUDING ONE WAY YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

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Your risk of getting lung cancer is much higher if you smoke. And the risk applies to cigars and pipes, as well as cigarettes.

2. Include fiber in your diet.

Eat foods that have a high fiber content, such as whole grain breads and cereals. Raw fruits, nuts and vegetables such as beans and peas are also good sources.

3. Cut down on fats.

Eat lean meats, fish and poultry. Broil, bake or roast, instead of frying.

4. Eat foods high in vitamins C and E.

There is scientific evidence that eating foods high in these "protective vitamins" may help reduce cancer risk and studies are continuing to identify their roles more clearly. You'll find vitamin C in

citrus fruits and green leafy vegetables and vitamin E in whole grains and nuts.

5. Have regular medical check-ups.

At least once a year, unless your physician believes that you should be checked more frequently because of any particular health problem or family history.

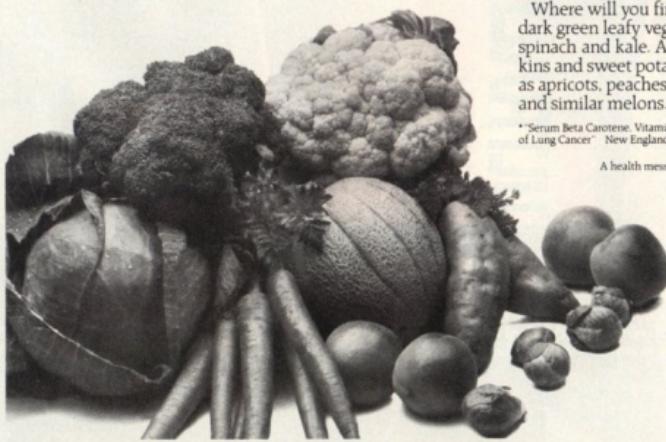
6. Eat foods rich in Beta Carotene.

There is increasing evidence from research that including foods rich in Beta Carotene in your diet may help reduce your risk of certain cancers, particularly lung cancer. For example, *The New England Journal of Medicine** recently published a study done at Johns Hopkins University which showed a significantly lower occurrence of lung cancer in a group of people who had high blood levels of Beta Carotene.

Where will you find Beta Carotene? In dark green leafy vegetables like broccoli, spinach and kale. Also carrots, pumpkins and sweet potatoes. Plus fruits, such as apricots, peaches, papayas, cantaloupe and similar melons.

*"Serum Beta Carotene, Vitamins A and E, Selenium and the Risk of Lung Cancer" - New England Journal of Medicine, Nov. 13, 1986.

A health message from Hoffmann-La Roche Inc.



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SIRDO-CIAFF

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE SOVIET UNION

54 A 28-page portfolio of photographs. Deployed from the Baltic coast to the Bering Strait and admitted to places long inaccessible, 100 top photographers spend May 15, 1987, capturing the U.S.S.R. on film. TIME presents a selection from their forthcoming book, which in-

cludes the Ukrainian woman above herding geese at dawn and, on the cover, a school program in the Soviet Far East—simple yet arresting scenes of daily existence. **94 A portrait in prose of the Communist giant.** Touring the Soviet republics, Essayist Roger Rosenblatt listens to the voices of ordinary people and discovers a beauty derived from a sense of life as grief. See SPECIAL SECTION.

30 Nation

An icy blast of gloom sends the stock market plunging, war heats up in the Persian Gulf, and Nancy Reagan enters the hospital for cancer surgery. But in Texas a dedicated crew rescues a little girl from her ordeal at the bottom of a well. ► On the Republican right, a muted movement watches Bush and Dole on the rise.

42 World

In separate gulf attacks, Iranian missiles hit U.S.-owned and U.S.-registered ships. ► Costa Rica's Arias wins the Nobel Prize for Peace.

134 Nobel Prizes

Inspired and original scientists receive awards for souped-up superconductors, synthetic molecules and antibody genetics.

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Economy & Business

More and more, home is where the office is. ► The Seabrook plant may bankrupt a utility. ► Argentina talks austerity—again.

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Education

Columbia Business School vetoes a \$100,000 learn-and-earn incentive. ► Harvard's B-school blasts a new book.

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Books

Garrison Keillor's *Leaving Home* yields humble epiphanies from Lake Wobegon. ► Why an anthropologist died in Africa.

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Sport

Indoor baseball comes to the World Series: the resourceful new Twins against the old reliable Cardinals. ► N.F.L. players yell uncle.

Cover:

Photograph by Dilip Mehta



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A Letter from the Publisher

Winston Churchill called Russia "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." This week's cover story looks inside the wrapping. We have assembled an exclusive 28-page portrait of "A Day in the Life of the Soviet Union," excerpted from a forthcoming book by Rick Smolan and David Cohen, which is surely one of the most thorough attempts to capture the soul of that cryptic country.

Over the years TIME has made special efforts to bring you the world's best coverage of the other superpower, from the cover story on 1939 Man of the Year Joseph Stalin to last July's cover on the domestic and foreign policy reforms of Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Our list of firsts is, as the Soviets would say, heroic. In 1970 Time Inc. published exclusive excerpts from the memoirs of Nikita Khrushchev, edited and translated by Strobe Talbott, who is now this magazine's Washington bureau chief. In 1979 TIME published a rare private interview with then Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev. In August 1985 Gorbachev chose TIME as the medium for his first major exercise in international *glasnost*, granting the magazine a two-hour interview.

Nor has TIME neglected the voices of Moscow's critics. In February 1985 we published excerpts from the memoirs of Sovi-



Picture Editor Arnold Drapkin in Moscow

et Defector Arkady Shevchenko, former Under Secretary-General of the United Nations. Late last year we carried selections from Elena Bonner's account of life with her husband Dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov during their exile in Gorky.

Not since 1980, when TIME devoted a special issue to the Soviet Union, has the magazine attempted such a wide-ranging look at Soviet life as in this week's cover package. Says Picture Editor Arnold Drapkin, who spent four weeks in Moscow serving as director of photography for the book project: "These are extraordinary photos of ordinary events." Assistant Art Director Arthur Hochstein designed the special section, while Staff Writer Howard Chua-Eoan provided the captions. Senior Writer Roger Rosenblatt,

who contributed the accompanying ten-page essay, spent a month in the Soviet Union on the project. Contrasting his assignment with that of the photographers, he notes, "They did a day in the life. I tried to do the life." The result is a unique portrait of that giant, paradoxical, intensely human land.

Robert L. Miller



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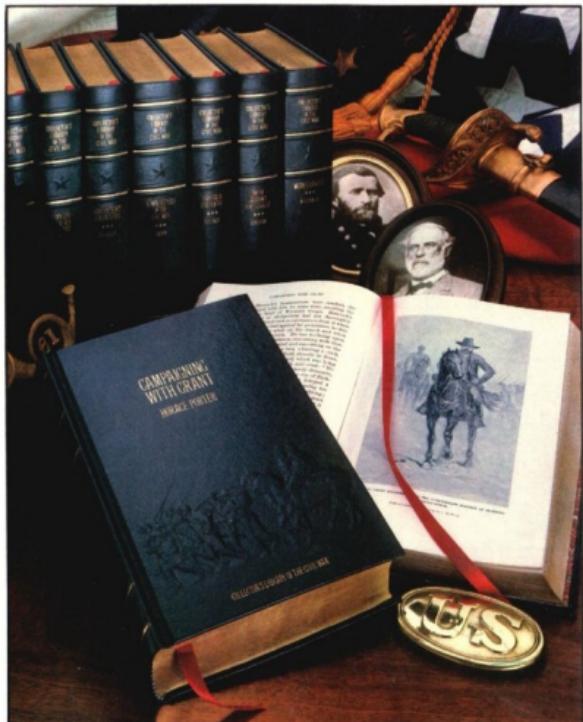
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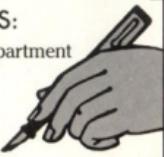
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Letters

Space Race

To the Editors:

Moscow may indeed have taken the lead in interplanetary exploration [SPACE, Oct. 5]. If the U.S. continues to procrastinate, as your story suggests, America will fall hopelessly behind the Soviet Union not only in space technology but in other technologies as well. The country that dominates the high frontier will be the superpower of the future.

Andrew D. Bell
Carson City, Nev.



NASA's failures in the past year and a half reflect this nation's general inattention to space exploration. Added to NASA's problems is the lack of vision, leadership and commitment of the Administration and Congress for two decades. The space program should be the centerpiece of this nation's scientific and technological legacy. Americans must decide whether they want to help sow the seeds of interplanetary and interstellar migration or abdicate this role to the Soviets.

Martin Gibbins
Bellevue, Wash.

It was agonizing to see *Challenger* erupt in flames, but it is even worse to realize that the seven astronauts who perished in the spaceship gave their lives for a dying program. If President Reagan can think only of his Strategic Defense Initiative and his desire for the U.S. to be superior to all other nations, maybe it is time for a new President. As an American who would like nothing better than for his country to be ahead in the space race, I have only contempt for our President, Congress and the military, who have weakened the program.

Eric Judson Abbott
Los Angeles

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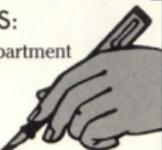
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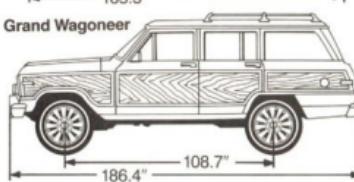
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Letters

nance in science technology will evaporate. Each day I face a classroom of high school students who do not comprehend the value of their education. Americans must make a commitment to the future instead of just complaining about the current situation.

*John Pawson
Huntington Beach, Calif.*

When the U.S. finally sends a manned flight to Mars, there will indeed be Martians there—greeting us in Russian.

*Ron Schornhorst
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.*

Haunting Words

As a former producer of the Rev. Pat Robertson's *700 Club*, I was shocked to read that Robertson was vehemently denying he ever said only Christians and Jews should hold Government jobs [NATION, Sept. 28]. The truth is that Robertson made that statement on the Jan. 12, 1985, edition of *The 700 Club*. On the same broadcast, the prophet turned politician spoke about Christians' "taking dominion over the universe," and, as he is prone to do, rewrote American history by informing his audience that our country happened spontaneously when the Founding Fathers, all devout Christians, got together for a prayer meeting. The truth is that some of the Founding Fathers did not believe in the divinity of Jesus and therefore could hardly be called devout Christians.

*Gerard Thomas Straub
Los Angeles*

Press-Conference Manners

Three cheers for Hugh Sidey for calling attention to the boorishness and petulance of the White House TV-network correspondents [NATION, Oct. 5]. ABC's Sam Donaldson, CBS' Bill Plante and NBC's Chris Wallace are appalling in the lack of respect they show for the President. A shameful spectacle!

*Armando Guzman
Rochester*

Questions at the President's press conference should be asked in an order determined by drawing numbers. Each correspondent should pull a card from a lottery bowl. The conference should proceed from No. 1 onward, thus giving less well-known journalists a chance to talk and possibly diminishing the clout of some of the network correspondents. Perhaps this would have the added value of encouraging more press conferences.

*Patricia B. McLeod
Lexington, Mass.*

Military Sexism

Thank you for bringing attention to the sexual harassment of women in the military [NATION, Sept. 28]. After spend-

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Letters

ing three years in the Navy on active duty and four in the Naval Reserve, I resigned my commission rather than be subjected to any further sexual harassment. I now believe it is time the U.S. returned to the nearly 99% male military of earlier years, with only about 1% of the corps made up of women, who were assigned mainly to the medical department.

Rebecca P. Kmet
Norfolk, Va.

As an Army Reserve officer, I have observed that women have already had a profound socializing effect on the military. The problem is that socialized combat troops may not have the psychological requirements to carry out difficult military missions. Changing the nature of the military to meet the requirements of females, not the enemy, is courting disaster.

Apparently, the female 10% of the military force is setting the rules and standards for the male 90%. I detect a resentment among male troops who find themselves jammed and juggled with regard to quarters and jobs by females who make little contribution to the combat punch. It is my suggestion that women not only be given 50% of combat roles in the military but also be required to fill them and perform at levels determined by the enemy they will face, not by American female standards.

George Williams
Captain, U.S.A.R.
Greenville, N.C.

You revealed another sexual double standard when you reported that "both men and women in the Navy and Marines sometimes demand sexual favors from lower-ranking servicewomen." Male homosexuals are routinely ousted from the military, while female homosexuality tacitly flourishes. In any bureaucracy, the checks against sexual exploitation exist to protect females from male aggressors. No one considers that women can be as exploitative as men.

John Gibson
Fort Lauderdale

Two-Wheeler Menace

Your article on public anger against bicyclists [NATION, Oct. 5] overlooks the primary reason for the conflict. People ignore the fact that cyclists have the same rights and are subject to the same rules as motorists. If I had a nickel for every trucker who made sport out of coming as close as possible without hitting me, I would be wealthy.

Jeffrey L. Green
Traverse City, Mich.

I commute 14 miles a day on a bike. Unfortunately, many of the cyclists I encounter along the way ignore traffic regulations and generally disregard common road etiquette, like halting for stop signs and riding single file. Often I remonstrate

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Letters

with the offenders, remarking, "Behavior like that gives us all a bad name." I am either ignored or, worse, told to mind my own business.

*Christopher Dresden, Secretary
Almaden Cycle Touring Club
San Jose*

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It should be stressed that there is a tremendous difference between the protection afforded by a motor vehicle and by a bicycle. I gave up commuting to my job on my bike before my luck ran out. I have had things thrown at me, was blown off the road by a truck that passed too close at a high speed, and was slapped on the rear by someone passing in a van, which nearly sent me under the wheels of the next vehicle. A bicyclist, no matter how well outfitted, has no protection against a motor vehicle.

*Linda Deering
Libertyville, Ill.*

One way to stop the recklessness of bike messengers is to modify the incentive system under which they operate. Instead of paying according to the number of deliveries, firms should be forced to pay on an hourly basis. Further, companies should be required to buy medallions for the bikes, and messengers should have state driver's licenses. I have been a cab driver as well as a bike messenger. I know how the motivation for money makes both go faster.

*Jim Chadwick
Berkeley*

Australia's Aborigines

Your story on the plight of Australia's Aboriginal people [WORLD, Sept. 21] shows what can happen to a minority group that does not have some political power. Because he is getting little support from the white community, Australia's Prime Minister Bob Hawke does not stand much chance of changing the plight of the dwindling numbers of Aborigines. For them, the future looks bleak.

*Clevert G. Sylvester
New York City*

Keeping Germany Divided

After seeing your readers' comments on the "German question" [LETTERS, Sept. 28], I want to emphasize that not all Germans believe in the reunification of Germany. Members of my generation, age 20 and younger, are not fanatical on this issue. For us, a united Germany is not a priority. Instead, West German leaders should cooperate with East Germany diplomatically and in so doing instill a sensitivity for human rights in that government. The older generation needs to understand that in the '80s there is no time to dream about a world power called Germany.

*Arne Steinmann
Paderborn, West Germany*

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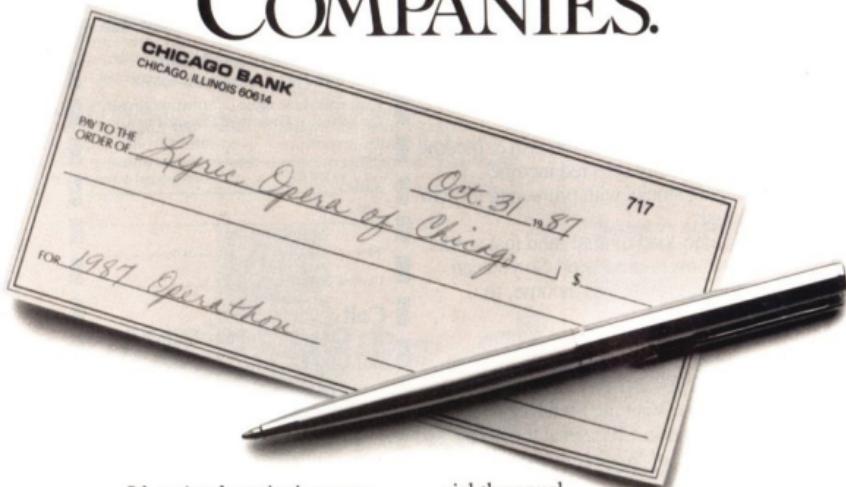
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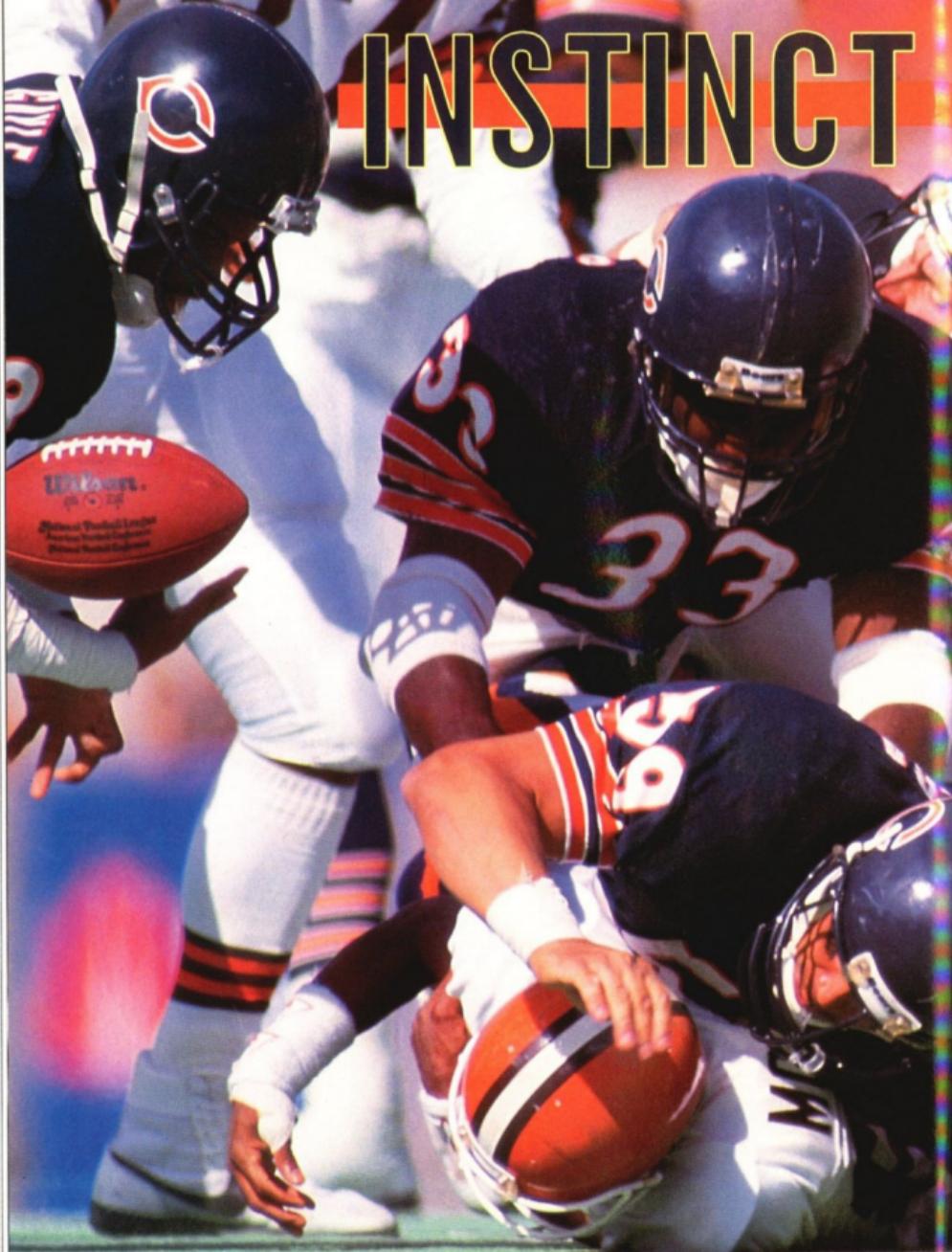
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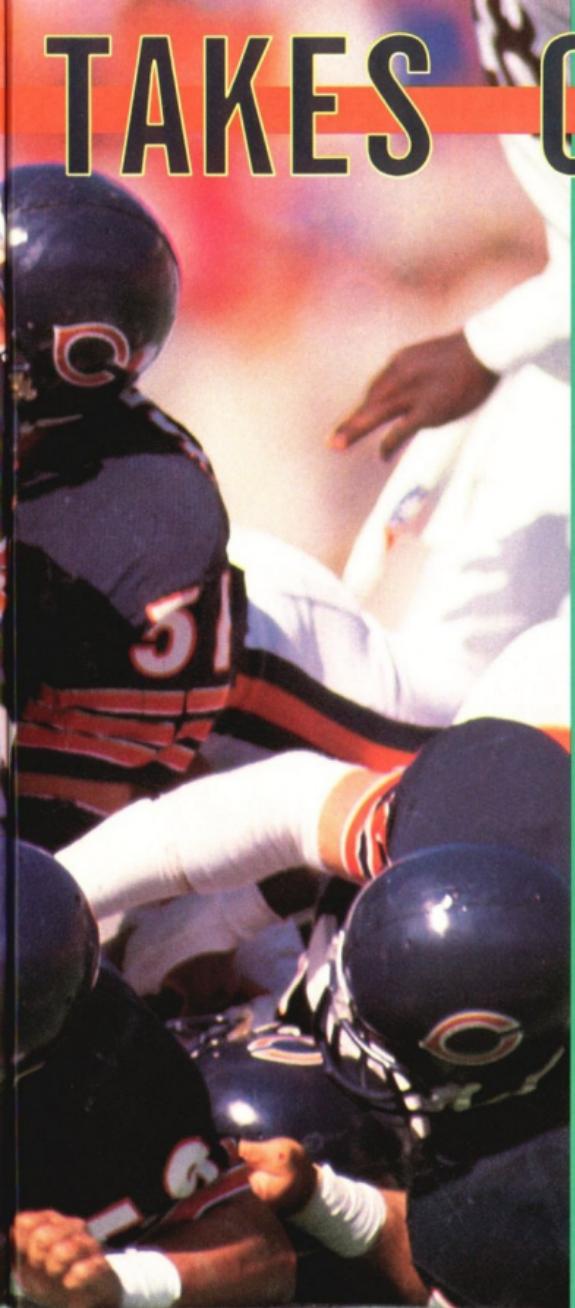
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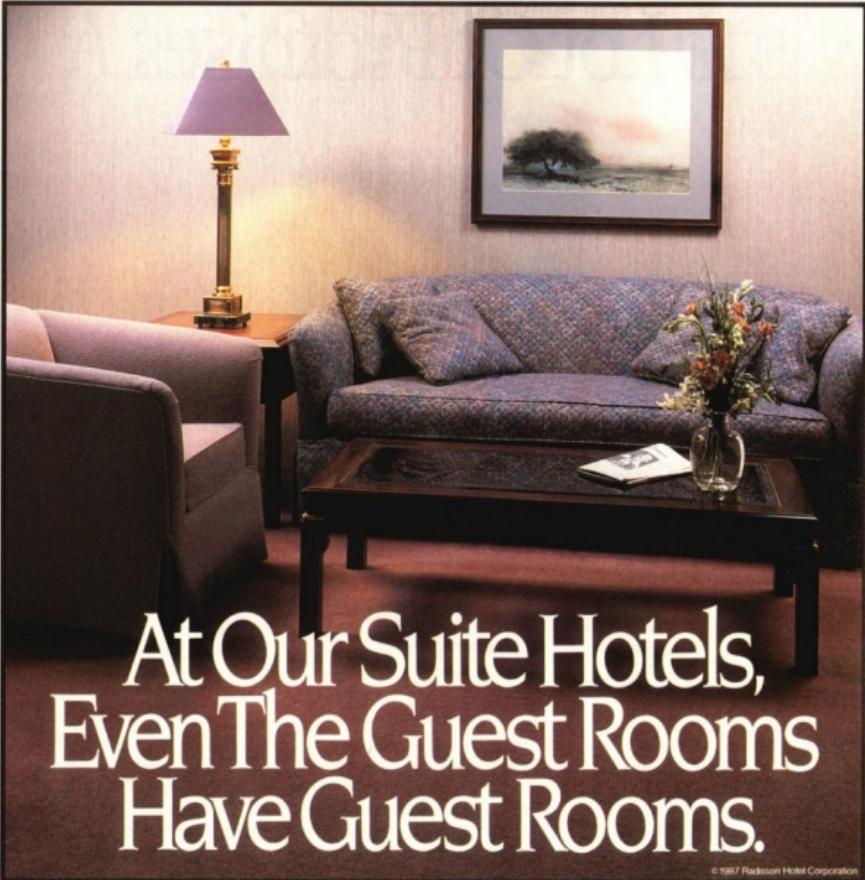
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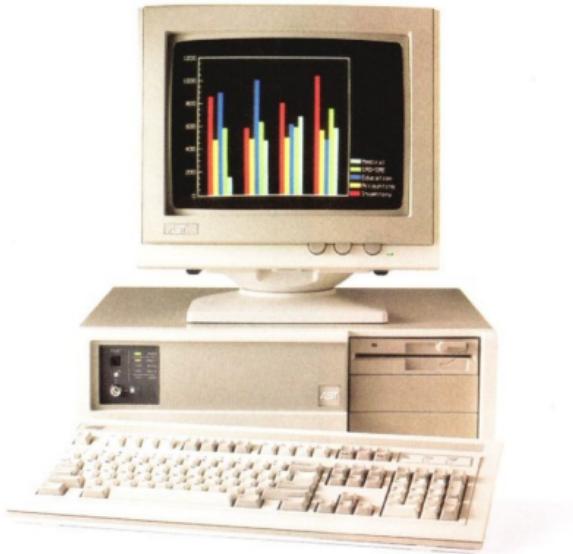
CPU measures main processor performance relative to the 6-MHz (Model 099) IBM PC AT. Hard disk performance is tested for sequential and random data access.

SYSTEM (80286-BASED PCS) (Clock speed in MHz/No. of wait states)	CPU	Hard Disk (sequential)	Hard Disk (random)
AST Premium/286 (10/0)	2.25	1.41	2.12
IBM PC AT (6/1)	1.00	1.00	1.00
IBM PC XT™/286 (6/0)	1.32	1.33	1.03
IBM PC AT (8/1)	1.37	1.17	1.40
IBM PS/2 Model 50 (10/1)	1.71	1.70*	1.19*
IBM PS/2 Model 60 (10/1)	1.72	2.02	1.67

*With RAM cache: seq. 1.92, ran. 1.03

Source: InfoWorld Hardware Benchmark System, as published in InfoWorld May 11, 1987

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Letters

As young Germans, we regret the lack of information we receive about East Germany's way of life. This results in increasing alienation among the people of both German states. We students do not believe there is any possibility of reunification, mainly because of the insurmountable differences between the two political systems. In spite of this, a reunited Germany would be striking evidence of a better understanding between the superpowers. It would show that the distrust the former allies now have for each other has finally disappeared.

Senior English Class
Johann-Michael-Sailer-Gymnasium
Dillingen, West Germany

Crazy over Cosby

As a twelve-year-old black girl, I was excited when I saw Bill Cosby featured in your magazine [SHOW BUSINESS, Sept. 28]. But I was infuriated when I read that some people criticize *The Cosby Show* because it does not represent the majority of the black community. Although it may not reflect the way all blacks live, the show does get across the idea that not every black family is on welfare and living in a rat-infested home. This program shows more respect for black people than any other I have seen.

Linda M. Hoos
Ventura, Calif.

Living on Less

Growing up on a farm in south Texas in the 1930s, I lived a simple life, much as the Oests family of New Mexico lives today [AMERICAN SCENE, Oct. 5]. Little cash was realized from the crops we raised, but little was required. We canned our own fruits and vegetables, butchered our own hogs, grew our own grain for bread. My mother made our clothes, and my father repaired our shoes. It was hard, continuous work. I am grateful I do not have to live like that today.

Tom Bishop
Austin

We do not quarrel with those who prefer to live their life outside the mainstream. However, the Oests are an example of those who would pick and choose those aspects of society they wish to take advantage of. They will accept a veterans' compensation check provided by tax dollars and plan to grab a scholarship for their daughter so she can attend college. In our opinion, one works and contributes to society or one gets out altogether. Anything else is parasitic.

Steve and Jacqueline Keenan
Meridian, N.Y.

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How Do You Know When Your Number's Up?



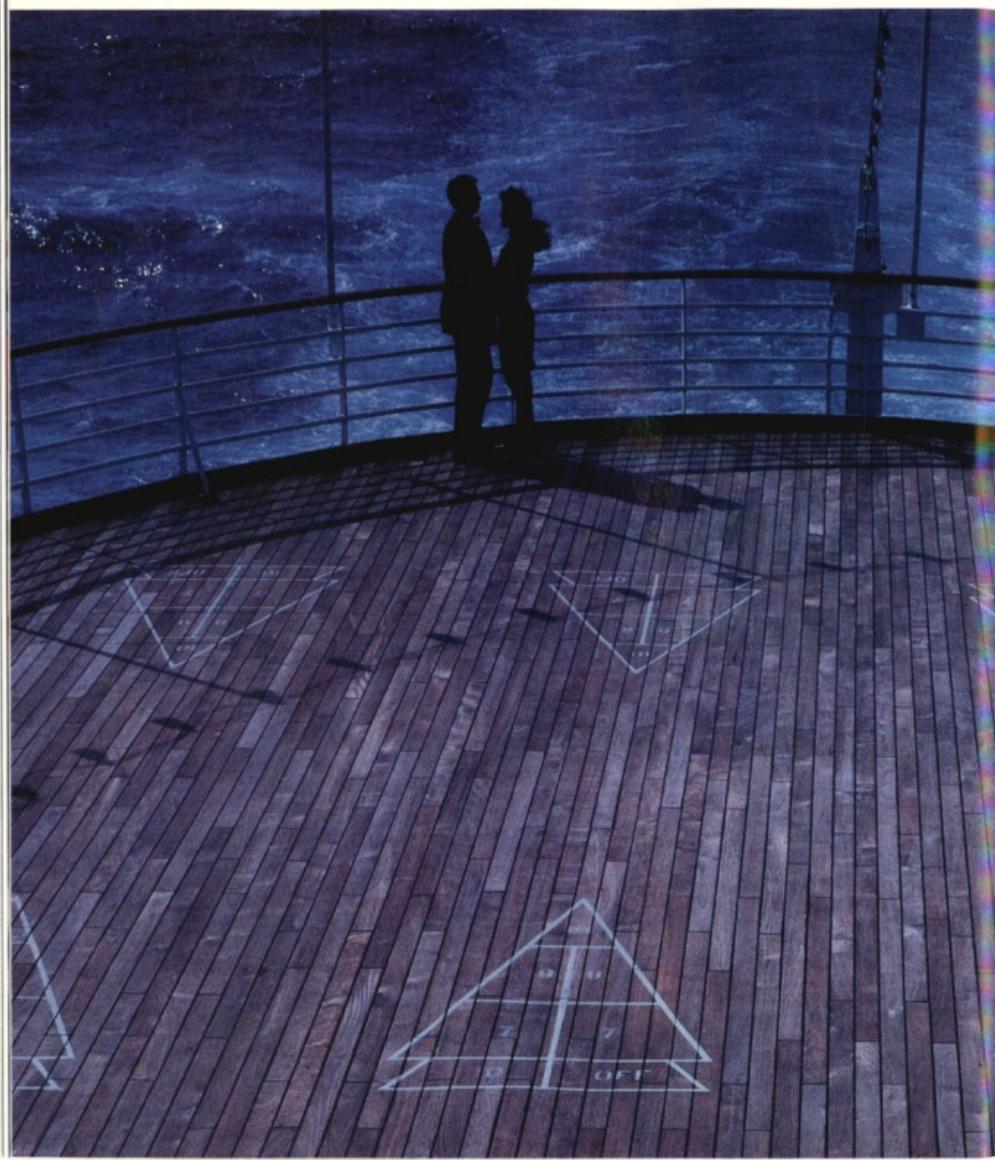
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A Just War



War against fire: during a break, there is exhaustion but also satisfaction

Fire Fighter Jeff Brand looks like hell. His unshaven face is covered with grime, his eyes are swollen and bloodshot, and his raspy speech is punctuated with third-degree coughs and sniffles. "I'm sick as a dog," he growls. The dense smoke on the fire line in Northern California's Klamath National Forest has cut visibility to a lung-searing 150 ft. It is eclipsing the sun like a primordial fog and slowly choking the solemn line of fire fighters. Brand, 26, from Kentfield, Calif., pauses occasionally on the steep slope to vomit discreetly in the woods. "This is unhealthy as hell," he says, directing his crew toward a smoldering hot spot. "But I love fighting fires. When these things get going, the adrenaline really kicks in."

More than seven weeks after a series of dry lightning storms ignited a wave of fires across the West, thousands of weary fire fighters remain on the lines, battling a dangerous combination of flame, smoke and exhaustion. So far, at least ten people have died. In one tragic incident, a five-person "helitack" team was dropped by helicopter into a remote spot in Northern California and promptly overrun by fire before it could be rescued. The terrified team members quickly crawled into the fire-resistant shelters strapped around their waists, but 31-year-old D. Lee Culkins, of Arcata, Calif., was overcome by smoke and flames.

Since late August, more than 900,000 acres have been destroyed, the worst loss of timber since 1910. When one fire is contained, crews are quickly dispatched to other outbreaks. "They are just putting them out by sheer force of will," says Matt Mathes, a spokesman for the U.S. Forest Service in San Francisco. Hardest hit: California, where over 700,000 acres, an

area almost the size of Rhode Island, have burned. It's the third severe fire season in a row for the West, where drought conditions are so extreme that bears have been forced down from the mountains to imbibe from residential swimming pools.

"The trick is to keep your energy up," says Jerry Midder-Rider, 32, a veteran fire fighter from the Blackfeet Reservation in Browning, Mont. "You just work, sleep and eat." Midder-Rider is warming himself by a gas heater at a base camp deep in the Klamath National Forest, scene of the worst fires and several deaths. Exhausted after twelve hours on the line, he enjoys relaxing briefly with companions from as far away as Maine and Alaska. "We're all equal out here," he says. "That makes all the difference."

Nearby, other fire fighters with faces like chimney sweeps exchange tales of close calls and prior battles. Their constant coughing sounds like a tuberculosis ward. As they talk, each fire takes on its own mischievous personality, some quick and cagey, others plodding and stubborn. Despite the laughter, some fire fighters appear homesick. The constant, tortuous line at the only two available pay phones is full of long faces. After waiting for 2½ hrs. to call his wife, one man is greeted by an answering machine, and his howls echo through the smoke as he storms back to his tent.

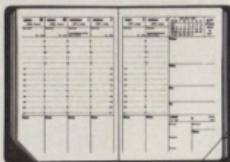
The fire fighters sleep, eat and work in the worst ways possible. The base resembles a cluttered MASH unit, littered with the makeshift tents of 1,600 fire fighters from several dozen states. Others endure the 40' nights in U.S. Government-issued sleeping bags that resemble disposable diapers. Some days the smoke gets so bad that flashlights must be used to

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read maps at midday, and fire fighters can be found sprawled out in a twelve-person oxygen tent called the fresh-air lounge. A 20-bed hospital run by the National Guard and equipped for surgery and X rays awaits disaster. One luxury: a long military tent called the Bijou that offers two new movies each day on a generator-powered VCR.

At the command post, the fires are charted on huge, colored maps, and meteorologists use portable computers to monitor the weather. Each night planes carrying infrared devices capable of detecting a glowing coal 1 ft. in diameter from 15,000 ft. crisscross the sky like silent bombers, tracking the fires. But the real work is done by the ground crews. Trucked each day to the fire lines in lumbering military transports, buses and pickups, they often trudge the last few miles by foot, lugging shovels and their trusty hoe-ax combinations, called Pulaskis. Despite sporadic assistance from helicopters and planes that dump fire retardant, their backbreaking work remains the same: they scratch out broad fire lines in the dirt, ignite counterfires from these lines that will burn toward the oncoming fire and watch for spot fires caused by airborne embers. Says Lee Poague, a fire-information officer from Tucson: "The old groundpounder is still the one who turns the tide."

Sometime before being put on the line, the fire fighters have each received at least 32 hours of classroom training and eight hours in the field. Starting pay is about \$5 an hour, along with a 25% hazard bonus for fighting on the line of an uncontrolled burn. Divided into crews of about 20, they work twelve-hour shifts, night and day. Most are given a five-day break after 20 days on the line, though some have worked since the fires began. Ferociously proud, many crews have worked together for years, abandoning college, odd jobs and families each fire season to search for adventure. All prefer to be first on the scene, and they dread the mop-up work that requires them to dig through ashes in search of warm coals. Despite the conditions, their mood remains good. For many, fire fighting is the ultimate war game, complete with battle lines, a just cause and a deadly foe.

The conflagration grows eerie at night, and the fire fighters stay close together for protection. Their sooty faces, set against the foreboding backdrop of a pitch-black forest, are lit by a crackling orange glow. The flames, as they are dimmed by the cooler air, creep through the dense brush like a flow of lava, casting strange shadows behind the smoke. "You hear trees falling constantly, but you can't see them through the smoke," says Bill Thompson, 51, a timber cruiser from Salem, Ore. "It gets real spooky out here."

Anything less exciting might send many fire fighters packing. "A fire is quick and dirty," explains Larry Humphrey, 40, a natural-resource specialist



SAUDI ARABIA AND THE UNITED STATES: A Special Friendship



February 1945: History in the Making

King Abdulaziz Al-Saud, ruler of a young but vast kingdom, daring warrior and visionary statesman. From warring desert tribes that for centuries had recognized no central authority, Abdulaziz Al-Saud forged a united people, with the Holy *Qur'an* as his guide.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, leader of America through the Great Depression of the 1930's and commander-in-chief during World War II.

The chemistry was right. And, in 1945, when King Abdulaziz Al-Saud and President Franklin D. Roosevelt met aboard the USS Quincy near the southern end of the Suez Canal, history was made. A special relationship between the United States and Saudi Arabia was launched, confirming President Roosevelt's formal finding in early 1943 that the defense of Saudi Arabia is vital to the national security interests of the United States. That special relationship has stood the test of time.

Since its early days, the government of Saudi Arabia has been a force for moderation in the Middle East and a good friend of the United States. The Saudi people have created a modern kingdom while preserving and strengthening their traditions and devotion to the tenets of Islam. The special relationship between Saudi Arabia and the United States is based on mutual interests and respect for their differing cultures and geographic settings.

For More Than Half a Century: A Growing Relationship

Every king of Saudi Arabia since Abdulaziz Al-Saud and every U.S. president since Franklin D. Roosevelt has recognized the vital mutual interests that are the basis for cooperation between the two countries.

In the early days of the Kingdom, an American company, Standard Oil of California, was granted the first Saudi Arabian oil concession. Later, the Kingdom and four U.S. companies


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"Since the earliest days of the Kingdom, the United States and Saudi Arabia—our governments and our peoples—have been friends. Our friendship has flourished because it is rooted in mutual respect and mutual interests."

King Fahd bin Abdulaziz



SAUDI RESEARCH AND MARKETING

Islam: The Golden Thread of the Saudi Fabric
The roots of Islam run deep in the Arabian peninsula. It was in Makkah that Islam was born. From its earliest origins Saudi Arabia has been an Islamic state. Its leaders and society are devoutly committed to the basic values and beliefs of the religion, which preaches the submission of man to the will of the Almighty and the central importance of justice, equality, the family and Islamic traditions.

Saudi Arabia carries a unique religious responsibility. It is honored to be the keeper of Islam's two holiest places: Makkah, the birthplace of the Prophet Muhammed—the city where Islam's holy shrine, the Ka'aba (photo) is located—and Madinah, the city of the Prophet's burial. A major responsibility of the King of Saudi Arabia to his country and the entire Islamic world is that of Custodian of the two Holy Mosques located in those cities. Each year, the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia provides very extensive facilities and services for the health and security of the Hajj pilgrims to the Holy Cities.

operated the Arabian American Oil company (ARAMCO), a joint Saudi-U.S. petroleum enterprise charged with tapping Saudi Arabia's unmatched oil supplies which contain 25 percent of the entire planet's proven oil reserves—nearly one third of the Free World's. The trust and mutual respect which resulted from that working partnership led to steadily growing Saudi-U.S. relations. American companies helped fill the Kingdom's need for advanced technology, and the two governments cooperated in diverse development programs.

From the beginning, King Abdulaziz was a faithful steward of his country's oil reserves. But his vision was broader. He nurtured also the growth of the agricultural sector and laid the foundation for today's sophisticated Saudi Arabian educational, health, communications and transportation systems. Under his leadership, Saudi Arabia became one of the few countries ever to achieve unity and development within a relatively short time span and still preserve the cultural and religious values upon which it was founded.

By 1974 the two countries saw the need to formalize their cooperative ventures and the Saudi Arabian-United States Joint Commission on Economic Cooperation was established. King Fahd (then Crown Prince) signed the agreement for Saudi Arabia. Since that time, the commission has become an active government-to-government mechanism bringing together both government and private sector experts to help Saudi Arabia achieve its development goals, strengthen economic, cultural, social and political ties between the two countries, and encourage better understanding between the American and Saudi peoples.

There have been scores of projects, including programs to develop agricultural and water resources, manpower training and development, solar energy research and development, transportation planning and development, training in emergency



© SAUDI ARABIA

medical services, general health planning, space research and technology and cooperative programs between U.S. and Saudi universities. Each has served to advance the development of the Kingdom and its human resources. Each has created friendships between Saudis and Americans and furthered the cause of international peace, friendship and understanding.

The Saudi relationship has significantly benefited the U.S. economy with millions of additional jobs over the years and many billions of dollars in business and public revenues, including substantial benefits in every state in the U.S. Over just the last five years, for example, the United States has had an average annual *surplus* in its trade with Saudi Arabia of more than \$1.7 billion. Today, nearly 40,000 Americans work and live in Saudi Arabia, continuing to help in its development.

From Desert to Wheat Fields

The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is approximately one-third the size of the United States, as large as the area east of the Mississippi river.

Popular perception is that the landscape is unending desert, sprinkled by a few oases, cities and seaports. But there is more to Saudi Arabia. The mountainous Asir region in the southern part of Saudi Arabia, Qassim and al Kharj in the central part and



© ROBERT AZZI

other areas have always been thriving agricultural regions. In the last decade, advanced technology has transformed Saudi Arabia from a net importer to a net exporter of wheat and fodder. This has been accomplished by tapping deep underground water supplies, by the discovery of hundreds of years of additional underground water reserves, by the Kingdom's use of major new desalination plants (the most advanced in the world) and by state-of-the-art irrigation systems. Today, many areas of Saudi Arabia resemble the U.S. Middle West with miles of golden wheat fields. In recent years, Saudi Arabia has contributed part of its grain harvest to famine-stricken countries.

Saudi Arabia boasts one of the most advanced dairy operations in the world. Its herds were formed from U.S. stock. Experts predict that the Kingdom soon will be able to meet all of its own domestic demand for whole milk, cream, yogurt, cheese and skim milk and will export to its neighbors.

Experimentation continues. Potato and other vegetable cultivation is underway. Specialties such as honey are being produced and cut flowers are being grown and supplied to other countries in the region. The desert blooms.

New Cities

For hundreds of years settlements have existed at the smaller seaports of Jubail and Yanbu, located on opposite sides of the Arabian peninsula. The leaders of Saudi Arabia have been determined that Saudi Arabia's future not be tied solely to crude oil exports. Jubail and Yanbu were chosen as sites for new twin industrialized cities.

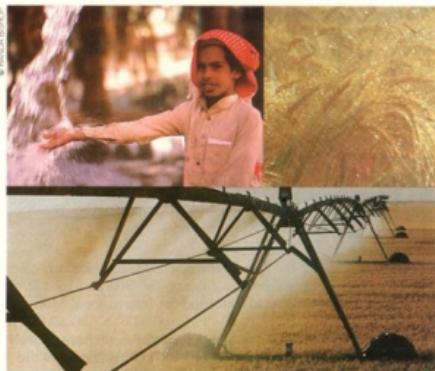
The national program of diversified industrialization was designed to achieve these goals:

- Petroleum-based industries that now produce fuels, petrochemicals and other feedstocks, add value to crude oil and expand Saudi Arabian export opportunities.

October 19-21, 1987: Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdulaziz Visits Washington to Reaffirm Saudi-U.S. Ties

Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdulaziz visits Washington, D.C., October 19-21, meeting with President Reagan, Vice President Bush and other American leaders. The visit exemplifies the historic ties of friendship that link Saudi Arabia and the United States and is the latest in the many regional and international diplomatic missions the Crown Prince has undertaken to promote international cooperation. Working on behalf of the Kingdom and his brother, King Fahd, Crown Prince Abdullah has distinguished himself as a master of quiet diplomacy.

Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdulaziz, Deputy Prime Minister and Commander of the National Guard.



- Non-petroleum sectors now include steel, cement, and agriculture, reducing the Kingdom's dependence on imports.
- Locating industries in different parts of the Kingdom to contribute to regional and national prosperity while avoiding population and economic concentrations in any one area.
- The management and operation of these industries have required the training of large numbers of people, thus raising the skills and capabilities of the country and providing new job opportunities.

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Today, the Jubail and Yanbu ports are large, sophisticated facilities. The expanses of desert which previously surrounded them are filled with refineries, petrochemical plants, and modern housing. Residential communities with parks, fountains and mosques offer a quality of life unsurpassed in the developing world.

Jubail and Yanbu are meeting their goals. American know-how has contributed to their design and construction. By 1986 the crude oil sector contribution to Saudi Arabia's gross domestic product had been reduced from two-thirds to just one-third, a healthy and continuing diversification.



Reaching to the Stars to Advance Mankind

The vision of Saudi Arabia's leaders extends to the stars. The first astronaut from the Arab and Islamic world was Saudi Prince Sultan bin Salman bin Abdulaziz. In 1985 he served as a payload specialist aboard the U.S. space shuttle *Discovery* during its seven-day mission in orbit around the earth. His duties included launching Arabsat's second communications satellite, taking geological photographs of the Arabian peninsula, and participating in four scientific experiments.



The Kingdom and the International Community

King Abdulaziz's meeting with President Roosevelt helped advance another immediate result: Saudi support for the formation of the United Nations. Just months later, then-Prince (later King) Faisal, addressed the U.N.'s first plenary session saying, "Let this Charter be the solid foundation upon which we shall build our new and better world."

As a founding member of the United Nations, Saudi Arabia has taken its international commitment seriously. Of the U.N.'s 159 members, Saudi Arabia ranks 17th in total contributions. The Kingdom is an active participant in nearly all U.N. programs, including the Food and Agricultural organization (FAO), World Health organization (WHO) and the International Labor organization (ILO).

With the magnitude of its contributions, Saudi Arabia is also one of six countries that holds a chair on the Board of Executive Directors of both the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

With its aid program (given on a direct bilateral basis as well as through such organizations as the U.N., Organization of the Islamic conference, the League of Arab States and others), Saudi Arabia is one of the world's largest contributors to international development and relief efforts.

Saudi Arabia is a key member of the Gulf Cooperation Council, which also includes Bahrain, Kuwait, Oman, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates. Council members coordinate efforts in the areas of regional defense and security, trade relations, development and solidarity in the Arab world, stability in the region and prosperity for their people. The Council is becoming increasingly important in efforts to help provide peace and security in the Gulf region.

Education and Health Care: Commitment to Excellence

Youth and education are a major focus of development in the Kingdom. As King Fahd has said, "The Kingdom's people are its greatest national resource." Free education for boys and girls is available in Saudi Arabia from kindergarten through the university level. Saudi Arabia has one of the best student-teacher ratios in the world, with an average of only 15 students per teacher.

The Kingdom has 60 colleges, seven universities and 20 vocational training schools. It also provides scholarships for its students to study for special advanced degrees abroad. In recent years, thousands of Saudi Arabian students have obtained degrees from U.S. colleges and universities, with their educations fully paid for by the Saudi government or private Saudi sources.

Health care and medicine are free and available throughout the Kingdom. Hospitals have state-of-the-art equipment and specialists trained in many parts of the world.

ROYAL EMBASSY OF SAUDI ARABIA

WASHINGTON, D.C.

American Scene

from Safford, Ariz., who is in charge of 250 fire fighters. "I guess I don't have the patience for any other job." A 15-year veteran of forest fires, Humphrey has had only one day off in a month, but says he would keep on working for free. As he talks, nearby flames shoot several hundred feet up a Douglas fir in a matter of seconds. The tremendous roar is followed by the thunder of a "widowmaker"—a falling tree—crashing through the dense smoke. Soon other trees ignite almost spontaneously in an effect known among fire fighters as crowning. "Those flames can leap across the treetops faster than you can run," warns Humphrey. "This fire is a real tenacious son of a gun."

A hundred yards down the fire line, Greg Geisen, 32, from Alderpoint, Calif., blasts away at a burning tree with a hose. He wears the regulation fire-retardant green pants, yellow shirt and hard hat, and a dirty cloth is stretched across his mouth and nose. "My wife was crying when I told her I'd be going out," he says, leaning against the force of the water. "But I love it out here. It's just me against this fire." Bill Ream, a 40-year-old from Weaverville, Calif., puts it another way: "I sleep in the back of my pickup, I eat old food out of a bag, I breathe smoke, and I haven't washed my clothes in days. But you've got to understand: this is war."

Arthur Cavanaugh Jr., 27, agrees. While crossing a steep slope one morning, he slipped and tumbled 60 ft. into a river, severely spraining his left ankle. It took 45 minutes just to get him back up the hill. For Cavanaugh, the war was a welcome respite from unemployment. "I tried working in an office once, but I spent all day just gazing out the window," he says, sitting on a plane bound for home, still proudly adorned in his smoke-ridden fire-fighting clothes. "This job gets me outside, fighting to protect something I believe in."

—By Jon D. Hull



Smoke and fatigue take their toll

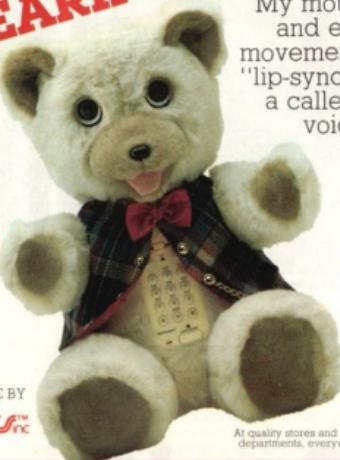
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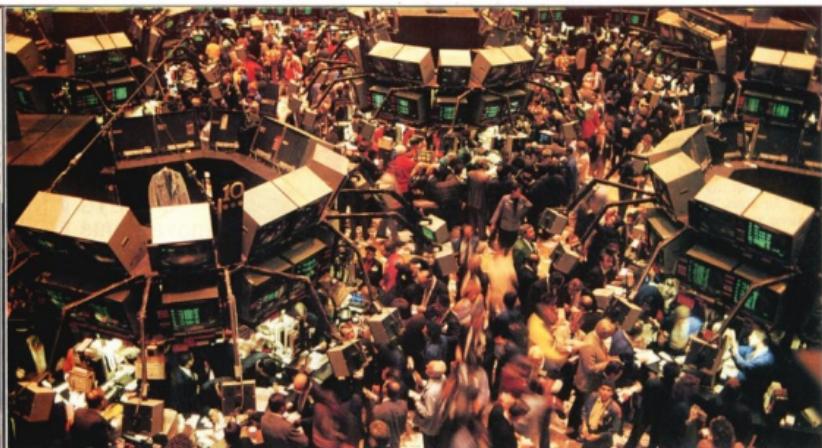


"One of the misconceptions about AIDS is that it only affects gay men. That's not true. AIDS affects everyone—men, women and children."

—Suki Ports
Minority AIDS Project
New York, NY

AMERICA
RESPONDS
TO AIDS

An Important Message from the U.S. Public Health Service
Centers for Disease Control



On the New York Stock Exchange, billions of dollars disappeared like blips in a computer game



In the Persian Gulf, the

Nation

TIME/OCTOBER 26, 1987

One Went Right

Woes from Wall Street to the gulf—but a happy ending in Texas

Much of the time the world beyond our immediate experience seems like a vague intrusion, a series of flickering images we can turn off at will. Then there are times when the outside world is too much with us, when external events take on emotional freight, not only because of what they are but also because of what they might portend. Last week was one of those times.

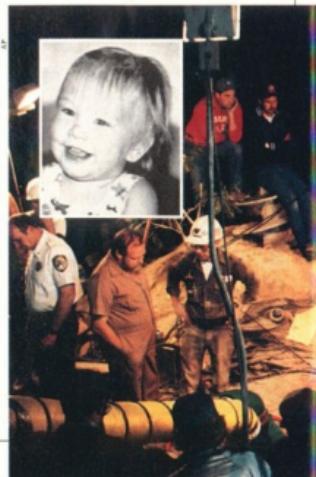
One after another, like a series of timed charges, major events detonated through the week. Each seemed to end with a disquieting question mark, because each suggested powers beyond personal control: unhinged economic forces, irrational foreign crises, undetected illness. The stock market went into a panicked free fall. Iran launched a Chinese-made missile from Iraqi territory that hit a Kuwaiti tanker that was flying the U.S. flag in the Persian Gulf to protect, in part, Japanese oil supplies. Amid this babble of conflicting national interests, any American action, however justified, promised to inflame unfathomable hatreds. And the man with the responsibility for authorizing any retaliation was shouldering a more personal but no less worrisome burden as his wife entered Bethesda Naval Hospital for a biopsy and then a modified radical mastectomy. Nancy Reagan's

plucky words on initially hearing of the cancer threat—"I guess it's my turn"—only underscored the randomness of life's lottery.

But another story was playing itself out last week as well, one that at first tugged only lightly at the fringes of the nation's attention, then seized it with surging force as it inched toward a climax. For more than two days late in the week, Americans were gripped by the plight of little Jessica McClure, 18 months young, who tumbled down a well while playing in her aunt's backyard. Trapped underground for 58 desperate hours, the child seemed doomed. Yet a down-but-determined West Texas town rallied round and literally clawed its way to her rescue. The drama offered the ultimate counterpoint: the dark currents of world events shared the screen with the whimpers of a helpless toddler crying out for "Mommy."

William Blake's "Auguries of Innocence" speaks of seeing the world in a grain of sand. Just so did Jessica McClure, bravely humming verses from a *Winnie-the-Pooh* song, tap the wellsprings of humanity. In a confusing week, it was the plight of this tiny girl that was most readily comprehensible, and best conveyed Blake's message that small things, and the life of an individual, are what really matter.

The ordeal began with every parent's nightmare: small children, unguarded for a few moments, tumble into tragedy. Jessica's teenage parents Chip, 18, and Reba, 17, live in a blue-collar section of Midland





Navy edged closer to conflict



En route to Bethesda, the Reagans could only smile and shrug

(pop. 100,000), a drilling center hard hit by the oil slump. Chip McClure is a house painter, and Reba helped baby-sit at the home of her sister-in-law Donna Johnson. It is still unclear how Jessica managed to fall through the 8-in. opening, partly covered only by a flowerpot, in the Johnson backyard. But suddenly last Wednesday she was wedged in a dogleg in the shaft, 22 ft. beneath the surface.

Rescue efforts were under way long before the story seeped into the national consciousness. A microphone dropped into the well quickly helped establish that Jessica was alive and conscious. The initial rescue plan seemed arduous but achievable: drill a shaft parallel to the one in which Jessica was trapped, then tunnel across and extricate her. Midland may have taken some heavy punches lately, but it is a town that knows how to drill. By Wednesday night, ten hours after Jessi-

ca's tumble, the groundhogs had burrowed to within 2 ft. of the frightened child. Came the first estimate of salvation: three more hours' drilling and the rescuers would burst through.

Then events turned disheartening: the diggers hit a tough limestone outcropping that snapped off expensive diamond-tipped drill bits as if they were pencil points. Underground, more than two dozen volunteers shared round-the-clock shifts, digging with cumbersome 30-lb. jackhammers in the cramped 20-in.-across rescue tunnel. But not until 4 a.m. Friday, more than 40 hours after Jessica fell, did the crew break through to the well shaft in which she was trapped. Even then, the opening was only a 2-in. hole, just wide enough to admit light and hope.

Friday was a day that brought a bumper crop of trouble. The nation awoke to discover that a U.S.-flagged tanker, *Sea Isle City*, had been hit by a missile, almost certainly Iranian, in Kuwaiti waters. In Midland that morning, a police spokesman was unable to predict how long it would take to reach Jessica.

At noon Presidential Spokesman Marvin Fitzwater surprised reporters with the announcement of Nancy Reagan's upcoming hospitalization, and once again the word cancer threw a pall over the White House. The lunchtime news from Midland provided little relief from the gloom: the rescue crew might not reach Jessica before dark. How much longer could the little girl hold out?

After a day in which the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted by a record 100-plus points, the stock market's 4 p.m. closing bell was like a dirge. The report from Midland: still inches away.

The evening news featured pictures of harried men peering into a silent hole. Below the surface, rescuers used a high-

pressure water drill to cut through the last barrier of rock. Then, at nearly 8 p.m. Central Time, all three networks switched to Midland. The image endures: a grimy paramedic emerging from the rescue shaft cradling a bundle in his arms—Jessica alive, swaddling bandages hiding all but her nose, her pitifully battered arms, her frightened eyes and wisps of blond hair.

The child's right foot was badly injured, though on Saturday doctors were optimistic about not having to amputate, and she may require cosmetic surgery to repair damage to her forehead. Withal, it was a story with that rarest of endings: a happy one. Through Jessica, the nation had briefly been transported back to a time when anything seemed possible with enough prayer and hard, selfless, backbreaking work. In a messy and maddening world, savor the memory.

—By Walter Shapiro

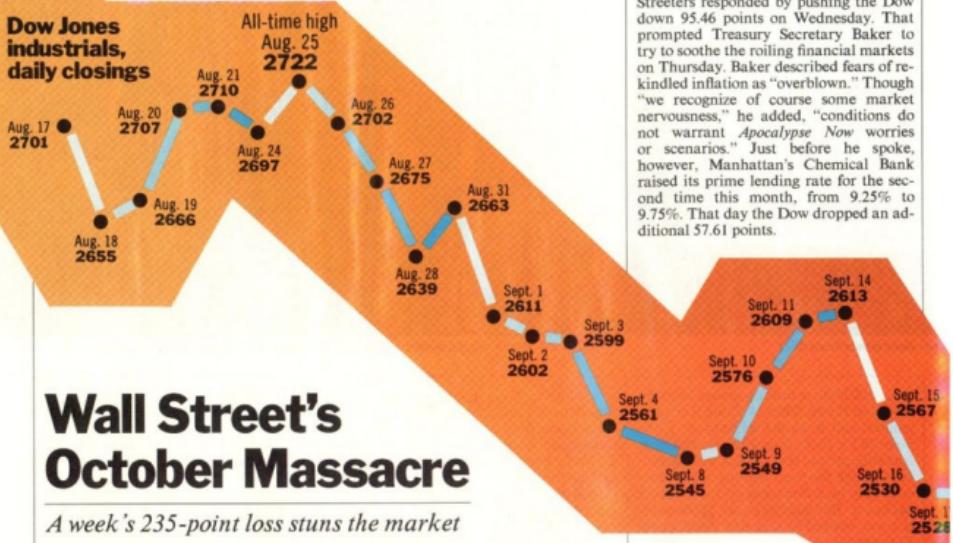


In Midland, rescuers drilled day and night to free Jessica McClure; inset: after 58 hours, a paramedic emerged with his bundle of joy



Nation

Dow Jones industrials, daily closings



Wall Street's October Massacre

A week's 235-point loss stuns the market

"It's extremely emotional. People are dumping stocks with reckless abandon. As it may sound, the market is going down because it's going down."

—Newton Zinder, analyst for E.F. Hutton

The process is called a "correction," which makes it sound like a painless, orderly affair. But last week's bloodbath on Wall Street was more aptly dubbed an "October massacre." Turmoil and outright fear shook the financial markets as stampeding hordes of investors got caught up in a mood that had been almost absent during the go-go 1980s: bearishness. Over the course of less than two months, in the worst setback since the bull market began five years ago, the value of U.S. stocks has plunged by nearly half a trillion dollars.

The market's rapid conversion from boom to gloom may well signal a fade-out of confidence in America's long-running economic good times. Despite reassuring words from the White House and Treasury Secretary James Baker, the unruly mob on Wall Street saw only the threat of rising interest rates and faltering economic growth. "I fear we will have the worst of possible worlds, with high interest rates and a recession," said Rudy Oswald, chief economist for the AFL-CIO.

Stock-market investors were the first to feel the pain. Records fell to the stock-market floor last week like so much scrap paper. On Friday the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted more than 100 points for the first time in history, drop-

ping 108.36. In just one day, the value of 5,000 common U.S. stocks slid \$145 billion, or 4.9%. "We're all stunned. Everything happened so fast," declared Byron Wien, portfolio strategist for the Morgan Stanley investment firm. Wall Street's computer-trading mechanisms, which brought so much efficiency to a rising market, were working just as efficiently in reverse. During the week the Dow fell 235.48 points, a record for a single week, closing at 2246.73. Since Aug. 25, when the Dow peaked at an all-time high of 2722.42, it has given up 475.69 points.

Investors were already poised at the brink of panic, looking for reassurance, when the announcement of a key statistic set them running. The Commerce Department said on Wednesday that the U.S. trade deficit, the closely watched barometer of America's competitive woes, failed to improve as much as investors had hoped: the imbalance between imports and exports fell from the record \$16.5 billion in July, but only to \$15.7 billion in August. Investors concluded that if a 30% drop in the dollar over the past two years had failed to help cure U.S. trade problems, then perhaps the currency would have to fall further. And any greater drop, they reasoned, would surely aggravate U.S. inflation and interest rates.

As feared, the disappointing trade figures inspired global money traders to send the dollar sliding against the yen, deutsche mark and other currencies. On the bond market, interest rates on 30-year U.S. Treasury securities topped 10% for the first time in nearly two years. Wall

Streeters responded by pushing the Dow down 95.46 points on Wednesday. That prompted Treasury Secretary Baker to try to soothe the roiling financial markets on Thursday. Baker described fears of rekindled inflation as "overblown." Though "we recognize of course some market nervousness," he added, "conditions do not warrant *Apocalypse Now* worries or scenarios." Just before he spoke, however, Manhattan's Chemical Bank raised its prime lending rate for the second time this month, from 9.25% to 9.75%. That day the Dow dropped an additional 57.61 points.

The real rout came Friday. Bent on selling, stockholders brushed off any signs of reassurance, like the Labor Department's announcement that wholesale prices had risen only .3% during September. That normally would be seen as a sign that inflation remained in check. Instead, investors showed concern about a Baker remark from the previous day. railing against West Germany's central bank for raising its interest rates, the Treasury Secretary led many listeners to believe that the German action might cause the dollar to move lower.

On top of that, another new anxiety developed when the attack on a U.S.-registered tanker in the Persian Gulf pushed crude-oil prices above \$20 a bbl. for the first time in six weeks, increasing inflation fears.

Beside long the Dow went into a virtual free fall. At one point the stock index was down a breathtaking 131 points. Selling was so furious that the New York Stock Exchange set a one-day record for volume, 338.48 million shares, shattering the old mark of 302.39 million set in January. Nearly all stocks got caught in the downdraft: 1,749 fell, and only 111 managed to rise.

The steepness of the plunge sent market watchers to the history books for some perspective. The drop in the Dow since August represents a decline of 17.5%, but that is still far behind the 35.9% correction in 1968-70 and the 80% wipeout during the Great Depression. Still, the paper losses are staggering. The stocks that

comprise the Wilshire 5000, which includes most U.S. issues, have fallen \$486 billion in market value. But they are still \$379 billion ahead of their value at the beginning of the year, and the Dow industrials remain up 350.78 points, or 18.5% from the Jan. 1 mark.

Wall Street has long been aware that America's trade and budget deficits could drag down the economy. The trade gap, \$156 billion last year, has proved especially slow to remedy. The decline of the dollar was supposed to boost exports by making U.S. products more affordable overseas and to discourage imports by making them more expensive for American

trade deficit is "bottoming out." Not everyone is so sanguine. "Greenspan is wrong. There are plenty of signs of inflation," says Edward Yardeni, chief economist for Prudential-Bache Securities. Right now the most obvious sign is the stubborn trade deficit and fragile dollar. Martin Feldstein, President Reagan's former chief economic adviser, predicted earlier this month that the dollar will have to fall another 10% to 15% soon.

Rising prices and interest rates would be sure to act as a damper on the economy, which is still expanding at a healthy

municipal-bond traders. Said Analyst Perrin Long, who covers the investment community for Lipper Analytical Services: "This could be the beginning of the long-awaited retrenchment on Wall Street."

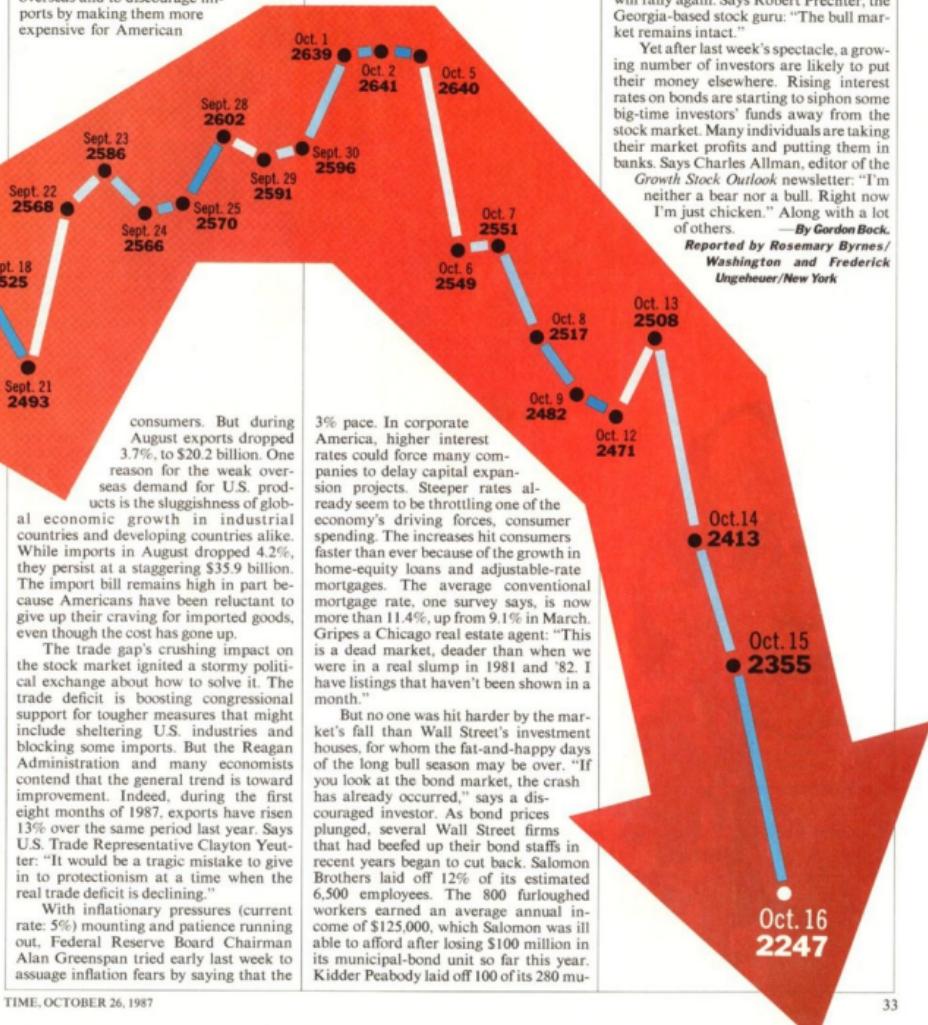
And this week? Many investors saw a hopeful sign in the waning minutes of Friday's bloodbath, when the market rallied and stopped what looked like a slide toward 150-point loss. Some experts see the fall as a long-needed comedown, which took the Dow to a more rational level after an unrealistically fast climb. They believe that after a rest, Wall Street will rally again. Says Robert Prechter, the Georgia-based stock guru: "The bull market remains intact."

Yet after last week's spectacle, a growing number of investors are likely to put their money elsewhere. Rising interest rates on bonds are starting to siphon some big-time investors' funds away from the stock market. Many individuals are taking their market profits and putting them in banks. Says Charles Allman, editor of the

Growth Stock Outlook newsletter: "I'm neither a bear nor a bull. Right now I'm just chicken." Along with a lot of others.

—By Gordon Bock

Reported by Rosemary Byrnes/
Washington and Frederick
Ungheuer/New York



Where Are the Wingers?

A muted conservative movement watches Bush and Dole rise

One could ransack the honor roll for local heroes of the New Right's past battles against the Republican mainstream and find no warriors more stalwart than Florida's Tommy Thomas and Iowa's Chuck Grassley. Thomas, a tough-talking Chevrolet dealer from Panama City, likes to boast that he is the only politician who has headed his state's Reagan campaign in three elections. "If everyone were as right-wing as I am," he jokes, "the world would be a screwed-up place." Grassley's pedigree is equally pure: he defeated the favorite of Iowa's moderate G.O.P. establishment in a 1980 primary on his way to becoming star of the Senate's radical-right class of '80. All the early scenarios of the 1988 presidential contest predicted that crusaders like Thomas and Grassley would be in the trenches fighting off a comeback by the party's squishy centrists.

Wrong. Thomas is proud to be co-chairman of George Bush's Southern command, and Grassley has lent his energy and organization to Bob Dole's Iowa campaign. Their candidate preferences, which are surprisingly typical, illustrate why it is a mistake to assume that the 1988 Republican race will re-enact the ideological blood feuds of 1976 and 1980.

Many of the G.O.P. "wingers" who helped launch the Reagan Revolution have stopped searching for a candidate of ideological purity and have gravitated quite comfortably to Bush or Dole. While discontented remnants continue to search for an unsullied ideological paragon with some electoral electricity, the real contest so far is taking place at the party's center. It is a battle devoid of issues, since the philosophical differences between Bush, the heir apparent, and Dole, his only strong challenger, are as scarce as heavy-metal bands at Republican rallies.

Moderation was indeed the message and pragmatism the policy last week as Bush became the first sitting Vice President since 1968 to seek a promotion. "I'm a practical man," he told 2,000 supporters in Houston. "I like what's real. I'm not much for the airy and the abstract. I like what works." What seems to work for Bush is Reaganism in a minor key: his announcement speech mentioned support for *contras* and opposition to higher taxes but omitted any reference to Star Wars, Robert Bork and such hot-button social issues as abortion and school prayer. Instead, he stressed the need for racial harmony and concern for the environment.

His call for "prosperity with a purpose," although fuzzy, was a catchy slogan with Kennedy-esque overtones.

Dole, who has been emphasizing the need for Republicans to be more sensitive to minorities and the poor, signaled last week that he would not be outflanked in the race for the Republican center. He snared a leading Republican moderate as general chairman: Secretary of Labor Bill Brock. Relentlessly nonideological, the former Tennessee Senator and Republican national chairman is a deft tactician who can shore up Dole's fractious organization. Dole is banking heavily on the argument that he is more electable than Bush because he can better attract independents and disaffected Democrats.

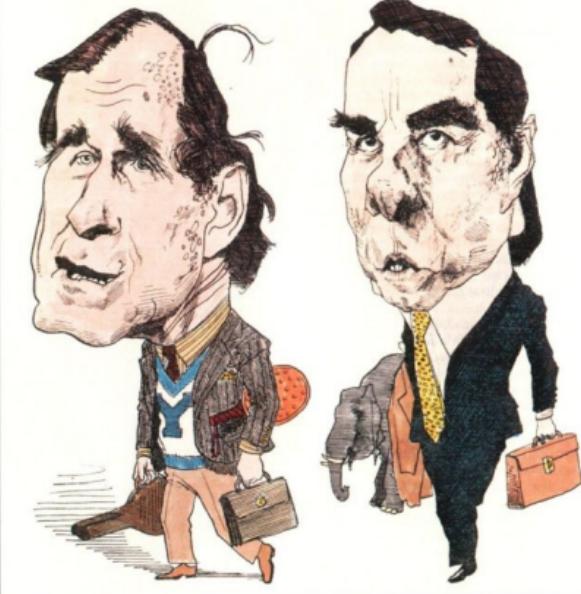
Why are Bush and Dole so seemingly unworried about retribution from the right? Partly because the conservative faithful lack a totem with the stature of Barry Goldwater in 1964 or Reagan in 1980. Jack Kemp has been grooming himself for the role of high priest of the Reaganite church, but he has been unable to rise above the status of altar boy. Kemp revealed last week that he has borrowed against his federal matching funds (due in January) for the second time, a telling indication of his failure to rally the true believers. And in Iowa, Kemp is in danger of being demoted to fourth place by the energized Evangelicals supporting Pat Robertson.

But Robertson—despite scoring victories in the early skirmishing and raising \$11 million, almost as much as Bush—remains circumscribed by his career as a televangelist. The limits of his appeal were apparent last Friday, when he stunned the G.O.P. Western Conference in Seattle by referring to Bush as a "whiny loser" and later attacked Reagan for negotiating with the Soviet Union. Applause for such remarks was faint and scattered.

Some Republican wingers have gravitated to Pete du Pont, who has positioned himself to the right of Kemp with his advocacy of drug testing in the schools and free-market nostrums like eliminating farm subsidies. But the former Delaware Governor remains too patrician for most conservatives and too conservative for most patricians.

The search for a standard-bearer has lately produced a new faint rumbling on the right: *Viva Kirkpatrick!* In Managua last week, that cry greeted the only American to have a *contra* brigade named after her. When Jeane Kirkpatrick arrived to address a reception on the grounds of the U.S. embassy, she was met by a wildly enthusiastic crowd of more than 1,000, many waving small U.S. flags. "It was almost as if she were running for office," said one who attended. "Like the presidency of Nicaragua."

A savvy speculation, but his geography was off. A few days later, former New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson announced that he was starting up a presidential exploratory committee on behalf



Illustrations for TIME by David Levine

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of Kirkpatrick. While not committing herself, she says, "I've talked to a great many people about the campaign, including Governor Thomson, and a great many people have offered help."

With her high name recognition and intellectual stature, Kirkpatrick might do well as a symbolic candidate among neo-conservatives and catapult into strong contention for the vice-presidential nomination. But she probably lacks the political machinery and electoral record (though not the ego) to organize a credible quest for delegates.

Republican wingers are also suffering from a dearth of fresh issues compelling enough to mobilize a right-wing populist crusade. The causes that once launched fervent insurrections do not seem as pressing as they did during the out-of-power 1970s. "The reason there is little thunder from the right," says Burton Pines, vice president of the Heritage Foundation, "is that the atmospheric conditions have to be right for thunder." Conservative indignation is difficult to sustain, even though Reagan has failed to follow through with his social agenda and is about to sign an arms deal with the Soviet Union. Explains Lance Tarrance, a conservative pollster working for Kemp: "Once outlanders get their man in, they tend not to behave like outlanders."

In presidential politics, it is always dangerous to predict the end of ideology. True believers can have a disproportionate influence in a process dominated by caucuses and low-turnout primaries. To protect themselves against a revival of the wingers, both Bush and Dole have been dutifully massaging right-wing groups.

Neither candidate, after all, is anything like a Republican liberal of the old Nelson Rockefeller school. The whole party has moved rightward with Reagan; indeed, the conservatives' success in sparking such a shift is one cause of their waning influence.

For the moment, Bush is the beneficiary of the royalist strain in the Republican Party that prizes orderly succession. In the end, it is his fate more than anything else that will dictate the ideological tenor of the Republican race. "If Bush wins Iowa, the race will likely be over within four weeks," predicts Tarrance, echoing the views of other conservatives. That is why Dole represents something of a stalking horse for the G.O.P. long shots. Robertson, Kemp and du Pont are all gambling that Dole will wound Bush in the early going and thus open the field to their far more ideological appeals. If that happens, the Republicans may yet undergo a war of ideas and a battle for the philosophical soul of their party, rather than just a contest over résumés. —By Laurence I. Barrett/Washington



Kirkpatrick

"I Guess It's My Turn"

Nancy Reagan bravely endures a modified radical mastectomy

The helicopter ride from the White House to Bethesda Naval Hospital has become an all too familiar one for Ronald and Nancy Reagan, but the trip last Friday was the first occasion when Mrs. Reagan traveled as the patient. After a biopsy Saturday morning revealed a tiny malignancy in her left breast, the First Lady immediately underwent a modified radical mastectomy. Once the 50-minute operation was completed, however, the prognosis was good: the cancer did not appear to have spread beyond a small area. Doctors foresee no need for future radiation treatments or chemotherapy, and Mrs. Reagan's chances for

she was in New Hampshire, urging a conference of foster grandparents to get involved in the fight against teenage drug abuse. The First Lady declined to make any comment on her pending test. Said Conference Participant Shireen Tilby, executive director of the Friends Program: "She put on a brave front and a warm, gracious one."

The President too put the best face on the situation, telling reporters he had "great confidence" in Mrs. Reagan's doctors. But sources close to the Reagans reported that his wife's condition has distracted the President while the White House was trying to manage the crisis in the Persian Gulf and salvage Robert Bork's sinking Supreme Court nomination.

Mrs. Reagan was under general anesthesia as doctors performed the biopsy, surgically removing affected breast tissue for laboratory analysis. The biopsy revealed a "noninvasive intraductal adenocarcinoma," a common form of breast cancer found in the ducts of glands embedded in the fatty tissue of the breast. The First Lady had already decided to have a mastectomy if cancer was discovered, and she immediately underwent surgery. Moments after she emerged from the operating room, the President reportedly said to her, "Honey, I know you don't feel like dancing, so let's just hold hands."

Nancy Reagan became the second First Lady to undergo a mastectomy. In 1974 Betty Ford had her right breast removed after cancerous tissue was discovered. The publicity surrounding the operation awakened public consciousness about breast cancer and inspired thousands of women to undergo regular breast examinations.

Until a decade ago, virtually the only treatment American doctors offered women with breast cancer was the Halsted radical mastectomy, a physically and emotionally devastating operation that involves amputation of the breast as well as removal of the underlying chest muscle and all lymph nodes in the armpit. The modified radical mastectomy that Mrs. Reagan underwent involves removal of the breast and adjacent lymph nodes but, unlike the Halsted procedure, allows the patient to maintain the strength in her shoulder and upper arm. According to the American Cancer Society, 130,000 women will be diagnosed with breast cancer this year; an estimated 41,000 women will die of the disease in 1987. But as Mrs. Reagan recovers at Bethesda, she can take some comfort in a reassuring statistic: the five-year survival rate after treatment for noninvasive breast cancer is higher than 90%.

—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.
Reported by David Beckwith/Washington



The First Lady at a "Just Say No" program
She put on a "warm, gracious" front.

a full recovery are considered excellent.

The 66-year-old First Lady learned of her health problem on Oct. 6, after doctors found a "suspicious lesion" in her breast when she had her annual mammogram. The discovery marked the second serious bout with cancer for the Reagans in recent years. In July 1985 the President had surgery to remove a cancerous growth from his colon; since then he has undergone minor operations to remove basal-cell skin cancers from his nose. Upon hearing the results of her breast examination, the First Lady said simply, "I guess it's my turn."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Reagan forged ahead with a full schedule over the past two weeks, including a state dinner for Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte. When the White House announced on Friday that the First Lady would be entering Bethesda for a biopsy,



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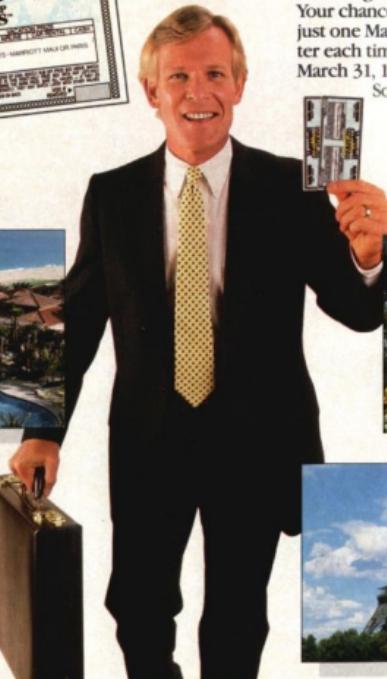
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American Notes



Washington: the Navy memorial



Revolutionaries: JoAnne Chesimard in Cuba



New York: the vindicated Zaccaros after the verdict

WASHINGTON

A Salute to The Sailors

Architect Pierre L'Enfant proposed a monument to the U.S. Navy when he designed the nation's capital in 1791, but not until last week, on the Navy's 212th anniversary, was a memorial to the service finally dedicated. The 100-ft.-diameter circular plaza on Pennsylvania Avenue "enshrines, in stone and metal, the gratitude of a nation." Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger told a crowd of 6,000 Navy veterans and other spectators.

The \$12 million monument was funded by more than 80,000 donations. Ringed by stone benches and cascading fountains, the plaza depicts a map of the world and its oceans in two-tone, inlaid granite. At one edge stands a bronze statue of a pea-coated sailor, a stark tribute that captures the loneliness of the vast, restless sea.

REVOLUTIONARIES

Buy My Book, You Racist Pig

Eight years after her escape from a New Jersey prison, where she was serving a life term in the killing of a state trooper, Black Revolutionary JoAnne Chesimard surfaced in Cuba last week to plug her up-

coming book, *Assata: An Autobiography* (Lawrence Hill & Co.; \$18.95). Chesimard, 40, was once dubbed by police the "mother hen" of the Black Liberation Army, a radical sect that staged bank robberies in the New York area. In Havana, she told the Long Island newspaper *Newsday* that the Castro government supports her and her 13-year-old daughter Kakuya while Chesimard studies for a master's degree in social science.

Chesimard's 274-page autobiography is heavy on childhood reminiscences, light on revolutionary activities and sprinkled with references to cops as "pigs." But television and movie deals are in the offing. "It makes me angry to think a person like Chesimard would want to profit from the capitalist enterprise that she wants to overthrow," said New Jersey State Police Superintendent Clinton Pagano.

NEW YORK

The Zaccaros Win One

When the jury foreman announced the verdict, "Not guilty," the former Democratic candidate for Vice President broke into tears. Geraldine Ferraro's husband John Zaccaro was cleared last week of charges that he solicited a bribe from a cable-television company seeking a franchise in Queens, N.Y.

Acquittal was assured when the key witness against Zaccaro refused to implicate him in a bribe attempt.

The witness, Richard Flynn, a lawyer for Cablevision Systems Corp., did testify that Zaccaro told him in 1981, "It's going to cost you money" to get the contract. Flynn said he interpreted the statement not as an extortion attempt, however, but as a warning "about a process that was corrupt."

Outside the courtroom, Ferraro blasted prosecutors for bringing an "empty political indictment." Ferraro, whose family has endured numerous investigations since she was Walter Mondale's running mate in 1984, faces yet another legal hurdle: her son John Zaccaro Jr. is charged with selling cocaine at Middlebury College in Vermont.

CANDIDATES

Scandal on Saturday Night

The presidential candidate is confronted with charges of misbehavior. Nervously he denies the allegations. A rival campaign leaks a videotape. The candidate confesses publicly to his crime: sneaking 14 items through a supermarket check-out line.

Of all the White House hopefuls, only the earnest and relatively unknown Bruce Babbitt agreed to appear on

Saturday Night Live, in a skit poking fun at the character issue that is dominating the Democratic race. "It's cathartic for all of us," said Babbitt, as he taped the segment last week in New York City. "People can say Democrats can laugh at their collective misadventures." Besides, Babbitt's TV star turn can only help: the former Arizona Governor is at the bottom of the polls and running short of funds.

FLORIDA

Salacious, But Sober

When the Jacksonville city council outlawed topless dancing in places where alcohol is sold, it did not bargain on the enterprise of Warren Colazzo. The owner of Fantasy World, one of the city's 14 topless bars, banned liquor rather than licentiousness. The outcome: a club full of 17-year-olds only too happy to sip Coke and near beer for a giggle show.

City fathers quickly invoked laws protecting minors from indecency, but hundreds of 18-to-21-year-olds are still packing Fantasy World, while a federal court considers a challenge to the no-boozing law. "The city council thought all the topless-bar owners would roll over on their backs," said Colazzo. Far from it. Even if they win in court, the tavern keepers threaten to sue the city again—for "mental anguish."

THE GULF

Silkworm's Sting

Two tankers are hit by missiles, prompting talk of U.S. retaliation

Dawn was just breaking over the Kuwaiti coast last Friday when the sleek missile came hurtling over the horizon. A crewman aboard the *Sea Isle City*, a Kuwaiti-owned tanker flying the U.S. flag, peered out the window of the bridge and saw it coming. "It looked like an oxygen tank and was smoking in the rear," he recalled later. "I told the captain 'Look!' but it was too late." Seconds later the missile slammed into the ship. The warhead exploded in the officers' quarters of the vessel, which two days earlier had left behind its escort of U.S. warships in the Persian Gulf and sailed into Kuwaiti waters to load up with refined-petroleum products. Eighteen crew members were injured, including the American captain and radioman.

The missile assault, assumed to be the work of Iran, was the first direct attack on any of the eleven Kuwaiti tankers that have been registered under the American flag and guarded by the U.S. Navy since July. The Administration quickly denounced the attack as an "outrageous act of aggression." As top national security officials gathered at the White House on Friday to formulate strategy, there was widespread speculation that the U.S. would retaliate, perhaps by attempting to destroy the Chinese-made Silkworm missiles thought to be responsible. Asked



The Chinese-made weapon on display at the Paris Air Show

what the U.S. should do, a senior naval officer preparing papers for a National Security Planning Group meeting clenched his fist and raised it threateningly.

But the Reagan Administration prudently held its fire as U.S. officials debated the options. Secretary of State George Shultz, on a swing through the Middle East before arriving in Moscow this week, refused to spell out what the response might be. But he advised reporters, "When we have decided to take action, and have taken it, you'll know what it is." Shultz said the missile assault was less of a challenge to U.S. power than it first seemed, since the *Sea Isle City* was in Kuwaiti waters and thus beyond the jurisdiction

of the U.S. fleet when it was hit.

The Silkworms were apparently launched from the Fao peninsula, a spit of Iraqi land north of Kuwait that is now occupied by Iran. An American air strike against the sites would seem the most logical countermeasure. But the nearest U.S. fighter-bombers are on the aircraft carrier *Ranger*, cruising in the Arabian Sea 1,200 miles from Fao. The jets would have to refuel in midair, since the gulf Arab states, including Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, are skittish about letting them land on their territory for fear of Iranian reprisal. And because the Silkworms are truck-mounted and mobile, there is no guarantee that the U.S. jets would have anything to

bomb once they got there.

Though some at the Pentagon urged swift retaliation, White House officials were apparently concerned that a U.S. military counterstrike would trigger new congressional demands that the Administration invoke the 1973 War Powers Resolution, which would require Reagan to notify Congress that U.S. military forces were in a hostile situation, then withdraw the troops after 60 days unless the House and Senate approved their remaining. Senate critics of Reagan's gulf policy promised they would redouble their efforts to force the Administration to invoke the act if the *Sea Isle City* attack was avenged.

As U.S. officials pondered their dilemma, the battered *Sea Isle City* lay off the Kuwaiti coast. The missile blast gouged a jagged hole in the starboard side of the empty tanker and left the wheelhouse blood-splattered and strewn with debris. American Captain John Hunt was blinded by flying glass and is recovering in a Kuwaiti hospital after surgery. Several other victims of the attack are hospitalized, but all are expected to survive.

The dawn attack on the reflagged tanker came almost exactly 24 hours after another missile, also thought to be an Iranian-launched Silkworm, slammed into the starboard side of the supertanker *Sungari*, a U.S.-owned, Liberian-registered vessel that was not under the protection of the U.S. fleet. No one was hurt in the attack.

The Silkworms that were apparently used in both attacks have an estimated range of 50 miles, which places the damaged tankers on the outer edge of their





The target: the reflagged tanker *Sea Isle City* heading up the Persian Gulf toward Kuwait early last week, trailed by the frigate U.S.S. *Hawes*

trajectory. China adapted them from a Soviet weapon called the Styx, first developed in the 1950s. About 20 ft. long and carrying up to 1,100 lbs. of explosives, the Silkworms can fly as low as 100 ft. above the ground as it homes in on its target.

U.S. intelligence first spotted the missiles last March along the Iranian banks of the Strait of Hormuz, the narrow strip of water through which all shipping must pass on its way into and out of the gulf. Though Iranian officials have frequently threatened to close the strait, such a scenario is considered unlikely, since much of Iran's own oil exports must pass through the waterway.

The Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's fanatical followers have instead chosen to use the Silkworms for assaults on vulnerable Kuwait, which has supplied billions of dollars to Iraq during the seven-year war. Dozens of ships bound to and from Kuwait have come under fire from armed Iranian speedboats that race around the gulf. Until now, however, the Iranians have taken care not to directly attack the eleven tankers—half the Kuwaiti-owned fleet—now under the protection of U.S. warships.

In the past month the Iranians have twice received a taste of American sea power. On Sept. 21, U.S. helicopter gunships opened fire on an Iranian navy ship, the *Iran Air*, when it was caught laying mines; five Iranians were killed. Two weeks ago an unarmed U.S. helicopter was fired upon from Iranian speedboats. Backup helicopters responded, sinking one speedboat and disabling two others; at least two, and perhaps more, Iranian

Revolutionary Guards died in the assault.

Many observers expected the U.S. response to the attack on the *Sea Isle City* to be no less decisive. Even the normally cautious Kuwaitis are calling for firm American action. Noting that the U.S. has stood by while ships that did not fly the American flag came under fire, an editorial in the Kuwaiti *Times* said, "The rationalizations that helped U.S. officials to absolve themselves of their defense responsibility in the earlier attacks may not apply" in the case of the *Sea Isle City*.

Keeping the confidence of the gulf Arabs is especially critical these days. During the first few weeks of the U.S. military buildup, some skeptical gulf-state rulers were unhelpful. Even the Kuwaitis, after inviting the U.S. to reflag their oil tankers, refused to allow American forces to use their naval and air bases. In recent weeks, however, there has been a turnaround. The gulf operation has been receiving an "immense amount of logistical support" from Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, says an Administration official. Saudi Arabia has expanded its surveillance of the gulf with U.S.-supplied AWACS, while Bahrain provides the U.S. Navy with its only land base in the region. In Oman joint military exercises frequently take place at naval and air bases that the U.S. also uses as supply depots. The elite Delta Force practices its desert-survival drills in the sultanate, and U.S. Marines have staged mock landings on Omani beaches.

For the moment, Administration offi-

cials are asking for time to consult with U.S. allies, including Kuwait, to develop a response that does not touch off a full-scale shooting match between the U.S. and Iran. Washington is also attempting to gain permission for U.S. warships to accompany reflagged Kuwaiti vessels into the emirate's waters. If the ships were allowed in and another Silkworm was delivered, there could be no question but that the U.S. would retaliate.

U.S. officials even spoke hopefully of the continuing effort by the United Nations to broker an end to the gulf war. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar sat down with both sides last week to discuss a new blueprint for a cease-fire. But a quick breakthrough is unlikely. Indeed, Iran appears to have bolstered its arsenal with yet another missile: the U.S.-made Stinger.

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger confirmed last week that empty Stinger packing cases were found in one of the three Iranian speedboats disabled by U.S. machine-gun fire two weeks ago. The Pentagon is investigating a report that Iranian Revolutionary Guards seized a truckload of Stingers from Afghan guerrillas within the past two months. The shoulder-fired weapons have been used by the Afghans against Soviet helicopters with devastating effect. If Iran does indeed have Stingers, U.S. aircraft in the gulf face a troublesome new threat—and U.S. policymakers may find themselves with other opportunities to ponder retaliation.

—By Michael S. Serrill
Reported by Dean Fischer/Kuwait and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Golden Opportunity for Don Oscar

Awarded the Nobel Prize, Arias hopes the honor will help propel his peace plan



No telephone. No television. No intrusions from the outside world. Or so Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez thought when he, his wife Margarita and their two young children settled into a remote beach house on the Pacific coast for a long weekend. Did he ever get it wrong. Through a complicated patchwork of radio signals, Arias was contacted from the capital city of San José by his younger brother Rodrigo, who serves as his chief of staff. "They've given you the Nobel Peace Prize," shouted Rodrigo.

"No, no, I don't believe it," the President said. "They're probably just saying I'm being considered for it."

"Oscar, I'm telling you, they did!"

The unexpected decision by the Norwegian Nobel Committee to award Arias the world's most prestigious peace prize

was more than a personal triumph for the 46-year-old President. It was also a powerful vote of confidence for the regional peace plan authored by Arias that was signed two months ago in Guatemala City by five Central American Presidents. The plan both enhances the credibility of the fragile peace process and augments Arias' moral authority as an arbiter of peace to wrest new concessions from the various parties to the plan. At the same time, it further impedes the Reagan Administration's attempts to secure \$270 million in new aid for the *contra* rebels fighting the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. Concedes an Administration official: "This complicates everything we're trying to do in Central America."

Until last week's announcement, Arias was not even rumored to be a serious contender for the prize. In Oslo the odds-on favorites among the 93 nominees included

President Corazon Aquino of the Philippines, President Raúl Alfonsín of Argentina, and the World Health Organization. The five-member committee maintained a stoic silence until the formal declaration, which cited Arias for his "outstanding contribution to the possible return of stability and peace to a region long torn by strife and civil war." Afterward, Committee Chairman Egil Aarvik, 75, made clear the committee's intent. "We hope that the award will help to speed up the process of peace in Central America," he said.

The Reagan Administration, which last month decried the Guatemala plan as fatally flawed, responded coolly to the news. Asked to comment on the Nobel Committee's choice, President Reagan said simply, "I congratulate him." Hours later the White House released a statement that could be read as a warning of the Administration's intention to push



Family portrait: the President, his wife Margarita and their children Sylvia Eugenia and Oscar Felipe pose in front of a painting of Arias' mother Lilyan

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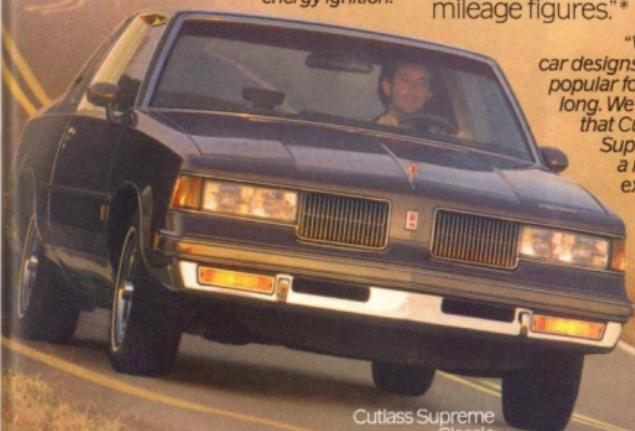
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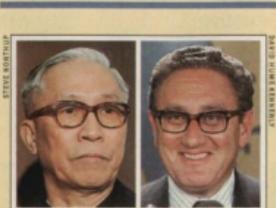
forward with its campaign to keep the *contras* armed and in the field. "This award," it said, "should inspire all of us to renew our efforts to ensure that enduring peace and democracy eventually come to the region." The Administration has consistently maintained that only continued pressure by the *contras* will compel the Sandinistas to undertake genuine reform.

The peace process set in motion by the Guatemalan accord has already yielded some results in Nicaragua. In a succession of gestures that the Reagan Administration has called "cosmetic," President Daniel Ortega Saavedra invited three exiled priests to return home, granted pardons to 16 imprisoned foreigners, reopened the opposition daily *La Prensa*, lifted the ban on Radio Católica and proclaimed unilateral cease-fires in four remote war zones. The Sandinistas contend that these moves demonstrate their commitment to the plan and to the region-wide cease-fire scheduled to begin Nov. 5. The White House counters that no peace can endure so long as the Sandinistas fail to evict Cuban and Soviet advisers from Nicaraguan soil and refuse to negotiate a cease-fire directly with the *contra* leadership. Neither action is required under the terms of the accord.

Still, a clamor is building for a negotiated cease-fire in Nicaragua. Bolstered by the peace prize, Arias renewed his calls last week for indirect talks between the Sandinistas and the *contra* leaders to be mediated by Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo, Nicaragua's Roman Catholic Primate. "There's a new mood in Central America now," Arias told TIME. "I hope President Ortega will revise his position and accept dialogue." Two other signatories to the peace plan, El Salvador's President José Napoleón Duarte and Honduras' President José Azcona Hoyo, echoed Arias' appeal.

Meanwhile, the six-member political directorate of the *contras* offered to travel to Managua to hold direct talks with the Sandinistas. "So far the Sandinistas have been able to comply with the easy part of the plan," said Alfredo Cesar. "We are starting today the hardball game." Ortega swiftly warned that the rebel leaders would be jailed if they tried to return to Nicaragua without first applying for amnesty. But aides close to Arias expect that the Sandinistas will soon grant a concession on this point. They claim that Ortega has quietly asked Arias for help in persuading some of the more moderate *contra* leaders to return to Nicaragua.

In Washington news of the peace prize seemed only to harden well-established positions. In the Democratic-controlled Senate, a resolution was overwhelmingly passed that congratulated Arias and pledged the Senate's "firm support and full cooperation" in seeing the plan implemented. In the House, effusive congratulations were offered by Speaker Jim Wright, who rallied to Arias' efforts after a regional peace plan that he co-



The 1973 co-laureates: North and Kissinger

Medal Fatigue

Although the gold medal of the Nobel Peace Prize bears the motto *PRO PACE ET FRATERNITATE GENTIUM* (For Peace and the Brotherhood of Nations), the selection of the recipient often triggers sniping from those who disagree with the choice. The fusillade is heaviest, however, when the committee chooses not to recognize an achieved peace but to promote ongoing negotiations. And as honored as the prize is, its clout does not always ensure success.

Take the 1973 prize, which was awarded to U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho for "negotiating an end to the war in Viet Nam." The pair had only signed a cease-fire, and a feeble one at that; word of the truce had ignited new fighting in Laos and Kampuchea. Tho refused to accept the award. Brotherhood did not even prevail on the Nobel Committee: two of its five members resigned in protest. Though the Kissinger-Tho pact removed American troops from combat, the war did not end until 1975.

The 1978 prize had a more ambiguous outcome. Awarded to President Anwar el-Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel, the medal recognized the two leaders for signing a preliminary "framework for peace" at Camp David that September. Though Sadat and Begin did sign a full-fledged treaty the following March, the pact failed to bring about a close relationship between Israel and Egypt. Even the harmony between Sadat and Begin was shaky. Just days before the laureates were named, Israel announced plans to increase Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza. As a result, Sadat refused to attend the award ceremony in Oslo.

The medal is not always the kiss of death. The 1971 prize boosted West German Chancellor Willy Brandt and his policy of *Ostpolitik*, aimed at improving relations with Eastern Europe. Oscar Arias Sánchez can only hope that this year's award will have an equally beneficial effect.

sponsored with Reagan proved stillborn. "Oscar Arias is a man of vision," he said. As for the Administration's bid for new *contra* aid, House Majority Whip Tony Coelho of California stated flatly, "This kills it. It's dead."

Those who continue to back *contra* funding criticized the awarding of the peace prize as premature. Congressman Jack Kemp of New York, a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, suggested that the Norwegians "ought to save the peace prize until they see what happens in the future." House Minority Leader Bob Michel complained, "I don't know that the Norwegians got all that much to say about what goes on in Central America." Said Arias: "There will always be people with small spirits."

Arias' fellow signers of the peace plan responded with delight. Arias is only the fourth Latin American in the prize's 86-year history to join the pantheon of peace laureates (the others: Argentina's Carlos Saavedra Lamas in 1936 and Adolfo Pérez Esquivel in 1980 and Mexico's Alfonso García Robles in 1982). Ortega telephoned his congratulations, telling Arias, "Your initiative and efforts have brought us closer to peace." Duarte, on a three-day visit to Washington, lauded Arias' achievement several times during a State Department luncheon. "He wanted peace, not for himself," said Duarte. "He was thinking of all the people who had died through the years."

Duarte seemed unclear what message he wanted to deliver to the U.S. At an arrival ceremony on the White House lawn, Duarte profusely thanked Reagan for the U.S. aid his country has received over the years. Then he walked over to the military honor guard and kissed the American flag. The next day, however, Duarte called on the Reagan Administration to give the peace process a fair chance by withholding military aid to the *contras* at least until January. The White House has said it intends to petition Congress for new aid no later than Thanksgiving.

The Nobel Prize carries with it a check for \$341,000, which Arias intends to use to create a foundation for his country's poor. But its true value for Arias will be measured in the days before and after the Nov. 5 cease-fire. "The prize is a catalyst," he says. "It's a stimulus so that we don't lapse in our effort." No one, least of all Arias, believes eternal peace will reign three weeks from now; the Costa Rican President points out that the cease-fire "initiates a process, it doesn't end it." Yet most Central Americans agree that more progress has been made toward peace in the past two months than in the past six years and that Arias deserves the chance to play out his plan. Ronald Reagan may not want to encourage Arias, but obviously a few Norwegians do. —By Jill Smolowe. Reported by John Moody/San José and Nancy Traver/Washington

SRI LANKA

The Battle for Jaffna

Indian troops mount a bloody assault on a Tamil stronghold

Slogging their way through heavy rains, 6,000 Indian troops surrounded Jaffna town in northern Sri Lanka last week and advanced in a four-pronged assault. Resisting them every step of the way were about 2,000 guerrillas from the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam, the rebel group that has led a four-year struggle to gain an independent homeland for the West Virginia-size island's Tamil minority. Tens of thousands of terrified civilians were caught in the middle of the fighting. Most of them abandoned their homes and huddled in temples and schools, as food supplies grew scarce. By week's end Indian officials put their casualties at 86 dead and 260 wounded. They claimed to have killed some 500 Tigers, but the guerrillas charged that most of the dead were civilians.

The assault came just 2½ months after India's Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and Sri Lanka's President Junius R. Jayewardene signed a peace pact aimed at ending the civil strife. According to that agreement, a peacekeeping force from India, Sri Lanka's closest neighbor, was responsible for disarming the rebels. An "interim council" was to be formed in the Tamil-dominated northern and eastern provinces, which would be merged and granted a substantial degree of local rule after elections, scheduled to be held before the end of this year.

But Tiger Leader Velupillai Prabhakaran, 32, caused problems from the beginning. Although the Sri Lankan army promptly returned to the barracks under the terms of the pact, the Tigers kept the bulk of their weapons and used them to

deadly effect. Within six weeks of the pact's signing, Prabhakaran's forces had murdered more than 150 members of rival Tamil groups. Last month, using his arms as a bargaining chip, Prabhakaran won a major concession from the Sri Lankan government in Colombo: the Tigers were given control of a majority of seats



Pistol-wielding guerrilla fighters on the attack
Defying the peace pact, the Tigers kept their arms.

on the interim council. But after promising "full" support of the agreement, Prabhakaran suddenly insisted on naming the head of the governing unit.

Meanwhile, 13 Tiger guerrillas, including three of Prabhakaran's most trusted lieutenants, committed suicide by swallowing cyanide following their capture by the Sri Lankan navy two weeks ago. According to a Sri Lankan official, the deaths made Prabhakaran "lose control" of himself. In a series of terrorist attacks, mainly in the east, the Tigers killed

170 civilians belonging to the country's Sinhalese majority. In addition, 27 Sri Lankan soldiers and policemen died at the hands of the rebels.

That bloody spree prompted the Indians, whose peacekeeping force had grown to more than 20,000, to launch their all-out drive against the Tigers. With Jayewardene's blessing, the Indians began moving against Tiger hideouts in the east, killing three rebels and arresting 98. Next Gandhi's forces began the much more difficult job of rooting the Tigers out of the Jaffna Peninsula, their main stronghold. After securing control of most of the peninsula, the Indians advanced on Jaffna town behind artillery and air strikes.

Many civilians were caught in the cross fire. With journalists barred from the town, the exact number of noncombatant deaths was impossible to determine. Tiger spokesmen charged that the Indians had killed more than 250 civilians. Indian diplomats did not deny that civilian casualties had taken place, but blamed them mostly on the rebels' tactic of using the local Tamil population as human "shields." In the eastern province, meanwhile, Tiger commandos murdered a total of 21 Sinhalese civilians in two separate attacks and killed 20 Indian soldiers in a land-mine explosion.

As the Indians tightened their grip on Jaffna, Prabhakaran appealed to Gandhi for a cease-fire to "negotiate matters." Gandhi, however, has apparently stopped listening. Instead, he sent some 1,000 Indian reinforcements to the island in preparation for a final assault. Prabhakaran and his men showed every sign of resisting to the end. But as one Sri Lankan intelligence officer observed with much satisfaction, it will be "only a matter of time before the Indians smash him."

—By Thomas A. Sancton.

Reported by Qadri Ismail/Colombo and Ross H. Munro/New Delhi

BURKINA FASO

Upright Down

A leader is deposed and killed

To mark the first anniversary of the military coup that brought him to power in 1983, Captain Thomas Sankara changed the name of his landlocked West African country (pop. 7.3 million) from Upper Volta to Burkina Faso, which in the local Mossi and Dioula languages means "Land of Upright Men." The old moniker was no longer appropriate, said Sankara, because it was chosen not by Africans but by white French colonists. Last week Sankara, 37, a popular and charismatic leader who was every inch an upright man, was himself replaced. He was ousted and killed in a bloody rebellion led by his second-in-command, Captain Blaise Compaoré.

The new coup was announced over

national radio following an outbreak of gunfire near the presidential palace in Ouagadougou, the capital. Government officials said Sankara was shot to death and hastily buried, along with a dozen others killed in the coup, in a mass grave on the capital's outskirts. Members of the murdered President's family watched the burial in tears. A populist who religiously consulted with village leaders before em-



One-man show: President Sankara in 1985

barking on new policies, Sankara made personal probity a point of honor in a country that has had more than one corrupt leader since winning independence in 1960. He boasted that he was the world's lowest-paid chief of state, with a salary of just \$450 a month.

But the leader evidently shaped his regime into more of a one-man show than his fellow coup leaders found tolerable. Following Sankara's execution, Radio Ouagadougou accused him of having built up a "concentration of power" and of harboring the "ambitions of a madman." In seizing power last week, Compaoré, 36, the Minister of State and Justice, used the same special commando unit he placed at Sankara's disposal in 1983. Western diplomats in Burkina Faso expect him to be a less flamboyant leader than Sankara but to continue most of his policies. Despite the death of their author, the national radio said, the policies' basic wisdom "is not called into question."



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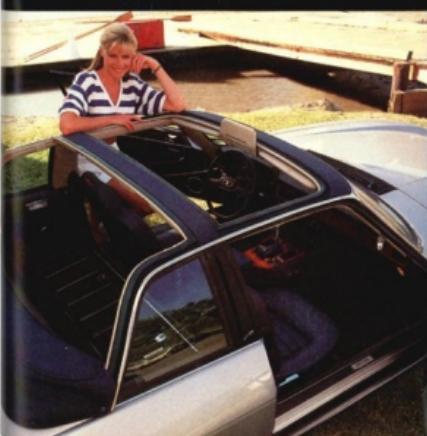
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Greece: the happy couple



West Germany: Barschel, right, with Kohl



Haiti: Volel before the fatal bullet

SOVIET UNION

Your Check Is In the Mail

Though it occupies one of five permanent seats on the United Nations Security Council, the Soviet Union has long been one of the U.N.'s pickier dues payers. Moscow has consistently refused to ante up for special operations that it opposed politically, starting with a peacekeeping force at the Suez Canal in 1956. But last week the Soviets announced that they will mop up their red ink, paying a total of \$197 million in outstanding debts owed for peacekeeping operations in the Middle East dating back to 1975. Moscow's check will erase its current IOUs, but not its historical ones. In 1973 the U.N. ceased billing the Soviets for some \$67 million worth of debts.

WEST GERMANY

A Mystery in The Bath

When a reporter and photographer from *Stern*, the West German mass-circulation weekly, arrived at Room 317 in Geneva's Beau-Rivage Hotel last week for an interview with Politician Uwe Barschel, they got a bigger scoop than they bargained for. The journalists found Barschel, 43, who had recently resigned as minis-

ter-president of the state of Schleswig-Holstein, sitting in the bathtub, clothed, upright and very much dead.

An interim autopsy report cited tranquilizers and sleeping pills as the cause of death, and press speculation ranged from suicide to murder. Barschel, once the rising star of Prime Minister Helmut Kohl's Christian Democrats, resigned last month after a former campaign aide claimed that he had used political dirty tricks to sabotage a Social Democratic opponent in a recent election. Barschel died one day before he was to testify before a parliamentary panel looking into the charges of wrongdoing.

HAITI

Murder on the Campaign Trail

The outlook for fair elections in Haiti grew darker last week with the murder of a presidential candidate, apparently by plainclothes police. Lawyer Yves Volel, 54, was shot in the head in front of police headquarters in Port-au-Prince as he protested the plight of political prisoners held without charges. Journalists on the scene identified his attackers as detectives in the police force's notorious criminal-research bureau.

Volel became the second murder victim in Haiti's presidential race, the first to be held since three decades of Duvalier

rule ended last year. In August, Louis Eugene Athis was hacked to death by peasants who had been wrongfully informed by local police that the candidate was a Communist. Though neither victim was a front runner in a field of more than 30 candidates, some observers suspected that the murders were an attempt by old-guard Duvalierists to hold on to power.

THE PHILIPPINES

Politics Makes Strange Beds

To the government of Corazon Aquino, Columnist Luis Beltran of the daily *Philippine Star* has always been a gadfly. Last year he caused a stir by accusing a top Aquino aide of leaking vital state papers. Last week Beltran wrote that during the failed military mutiny in August "the President hid under her bed ... perhaps the first commander in chief of the armed forces to do so."

Aquino was furious. She herded a score of local reporters into her bedroom and lifted the quilted coverlet of her bed to reveal a carpet-to-mattress wooden base. "It is impossible for me to hide under my bed," said the President. Perhaps hoping to give Beltran a sleepless night or two, she filed a libel suit against him. Besieged by leftist and rightist rebels as well as by a rumormongering

press, Aquino last week explicitly raised the possibility of declaring martial law if needed "for the greater good of the country."

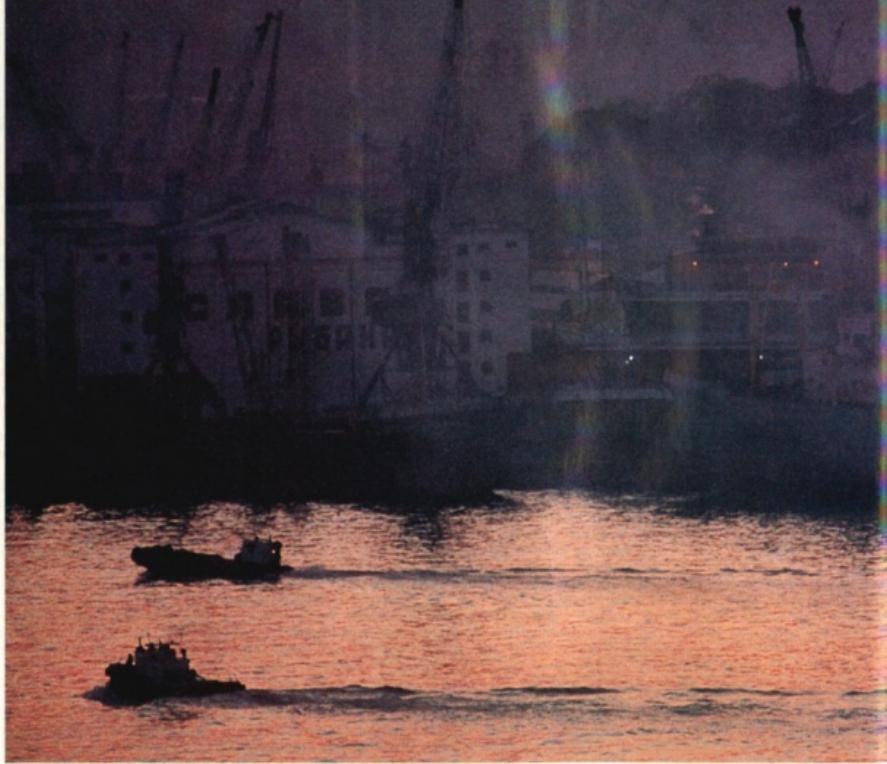
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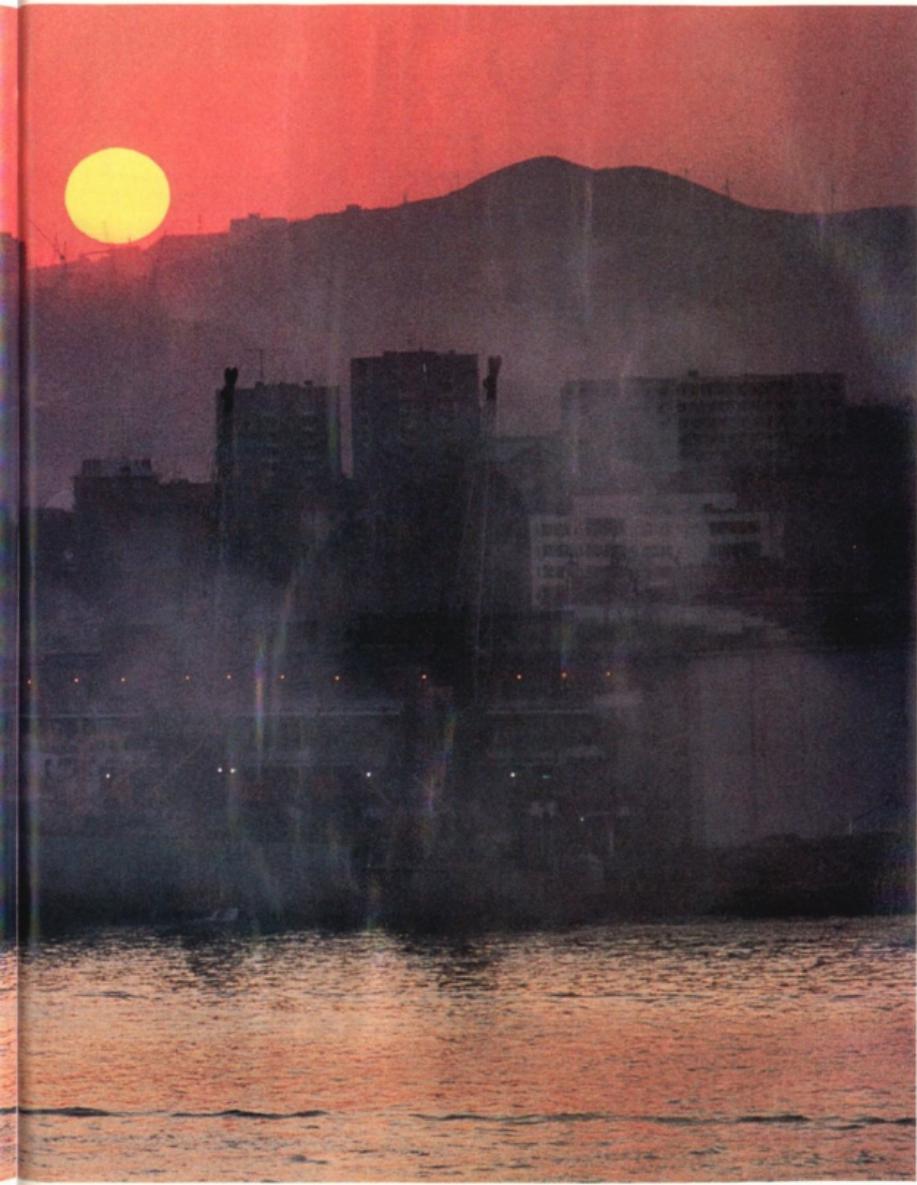
Papandreu's Hart Attack

Quick, what's Greek for Gary Hart? Socialist Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu, 68, may need to know. For more than a month there have been parallels between the scandal that enveloped the former U.S. presidential candidate and the furor over the amorous antics of Greece's leader, who has been married for 36 years. The cause of the fuss: Dimitra Liani, a sultry stewardess in her early 30s and the Prime Minister's frequent companion.

Papandreu's interest in Liani has been an open secret in Greek social circles. But scandal surfaced after he failed to attend Sept. 13 commemoration ceremonies for last year's earthquake in the southern town of Kalamata. Within days press reports claimed that Papandreu had spent that weekend on a yacht in the Aegean with Liani. Three weeks ago, the first picture of Papandreu and Liani as a couple appeared on the cover of the normally progovernment monthly *Eikones*. As tongues wag louder, the Prime Minister is maintaining a stony silence about the affair.

A Day in The Life ...





TRANSPORT





...Of The Soviet Union

At 7:30 a.m. the sun is barely clearing the hills above the Pacific port of Vladivostok, less than 40 miles from China. At the same moment, on the Bering Strait across from Alaska, the easternmost edge of the Soviet world is well on the way to an Arctic noon. And in Moscow, ten time zones to the west over an endless expanse of tundra, forests and inland seas, it is half past midnight, and yesterday has just ended. Not for eight hours will the commuters to the left head for their jobs in the capital from suburban Zagorsk. In the Soviet Union, more than anywhere else on earth, a day is here and there and now and later all at once.

The photographs on these and the following pages are the fruit of an extraordinary feat of organization. In the past eight years, Rick Smolan and David Cohen have co-directed projects that captured a single day in the lives of Australia, Canada, Japan and America. Now, after three years of complex negotiations with a government long used to rendering its territory invisible, they dispatched 100 top photographers from West and East to record a single 24-hour period. The result is *A Day in the Life of the Soviet Union*, culled from 127,000 images snapped on Friday, May 15, 1987. The book, sponsored by Kodak, Nikon, Pan Am and Sony, is due next month from Collins Publishers (\$39.95). In this Special Section, TIME presents a 28-page selection.

What sort of day was May 15? In Moscow it began with an overcast sky that brightened briefly before being darkened by thunderclouds. In the Arctic Ocean, the nuclear-powered icebreaker *Sibir* was cruising toward the scientific station North Pole 27. In Central Asia scientists secretly tested the 170 million-h.p. Energia booster rocket, the world's most powerful. Through the day, photographers scoured areas once strictly off limits. Some places remained out-of-bounds: military academies were accessible; most military installations were not.

It is the miracle of the mundane, however, that illuminates *A Day in the Life*: children at play, cadets in training, workers in factories—not icons of temporal power but modest vessels bearing witness to the profundity of the commonplace. It is this revelation of the familiar that humanizes our vision of the Soviet giant.

If the impression conveyed by these images is occasionally a touch too sunny, the Essay that follows offers different kinds of lights. Where the photographers froze a day on film, TIME Senior Writer Roger Rosenblatt roamed the Soviet Union for a month. He provides a portrait of a nation reaching for midday while its heart remains in shadow.

STEPHANIE BROWN



HEARTY BREAKFAST IN DZALISI

In the southwestern republic of Georgia, the Mamulashvili family sits down to a sumptuous spread that includes shashlik and *khachapuri*, a bread made with goat cheese.

SLIM PICKINGS IN MOSCOW

Though the Tsentralny Rynok, one of the capital's dozen or so open markets, boasts a wider range of goods than do state-run stores, this stall seems to have a limited selection.

GRINDING JOB IN SIBERIA

A woman kneads sausage stuffing in a plant in the far eastern city of Yakutsk. Among the factory's products is a local delicacy made of the processed meat of wild ponies.

WEIGHTY CONCLUSION IN ODESSA

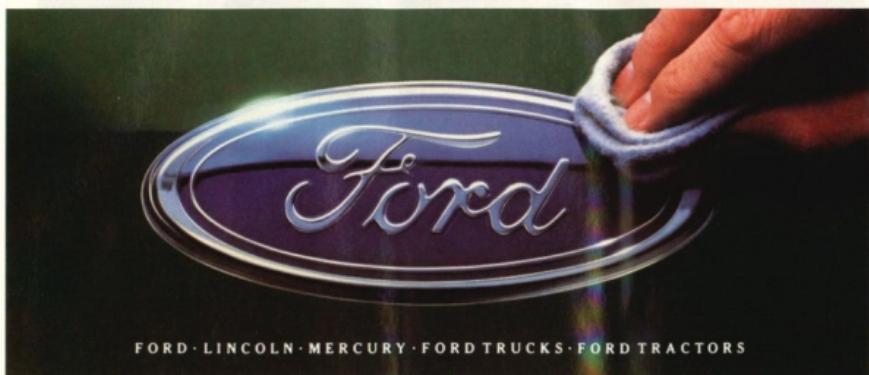
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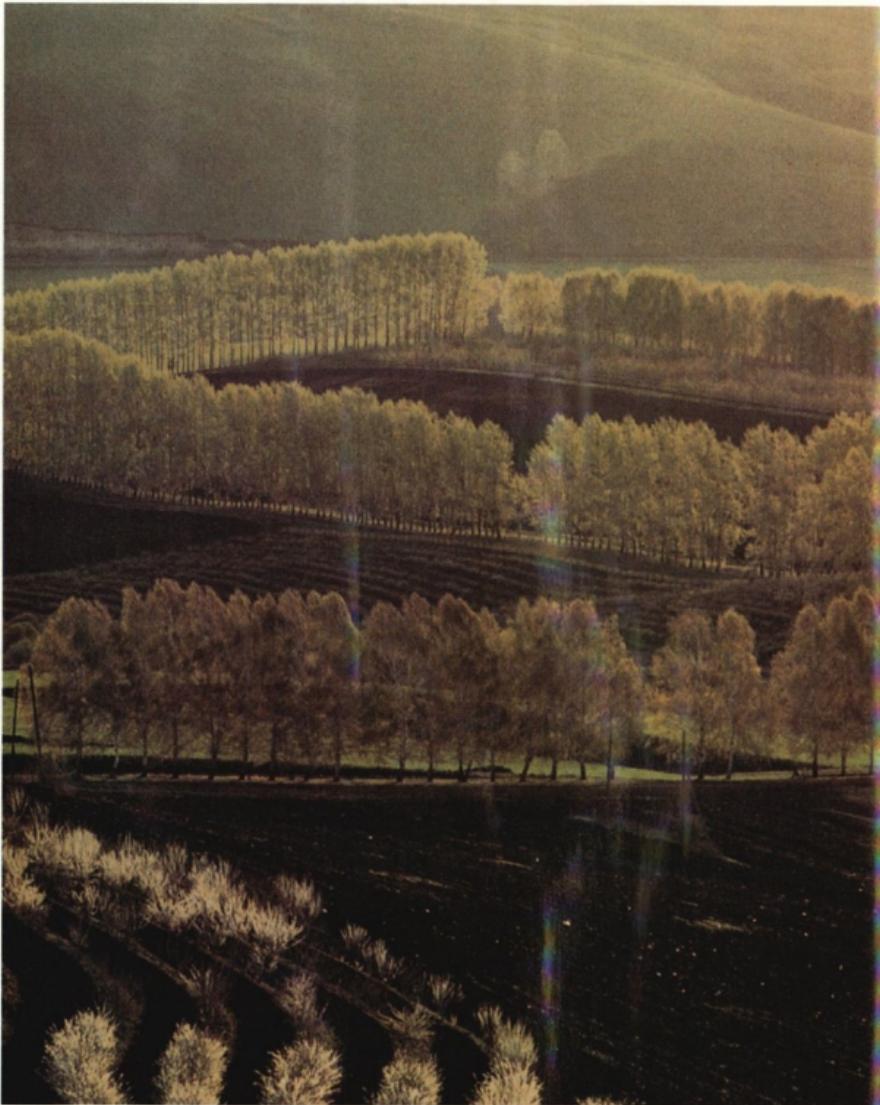
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**LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE**

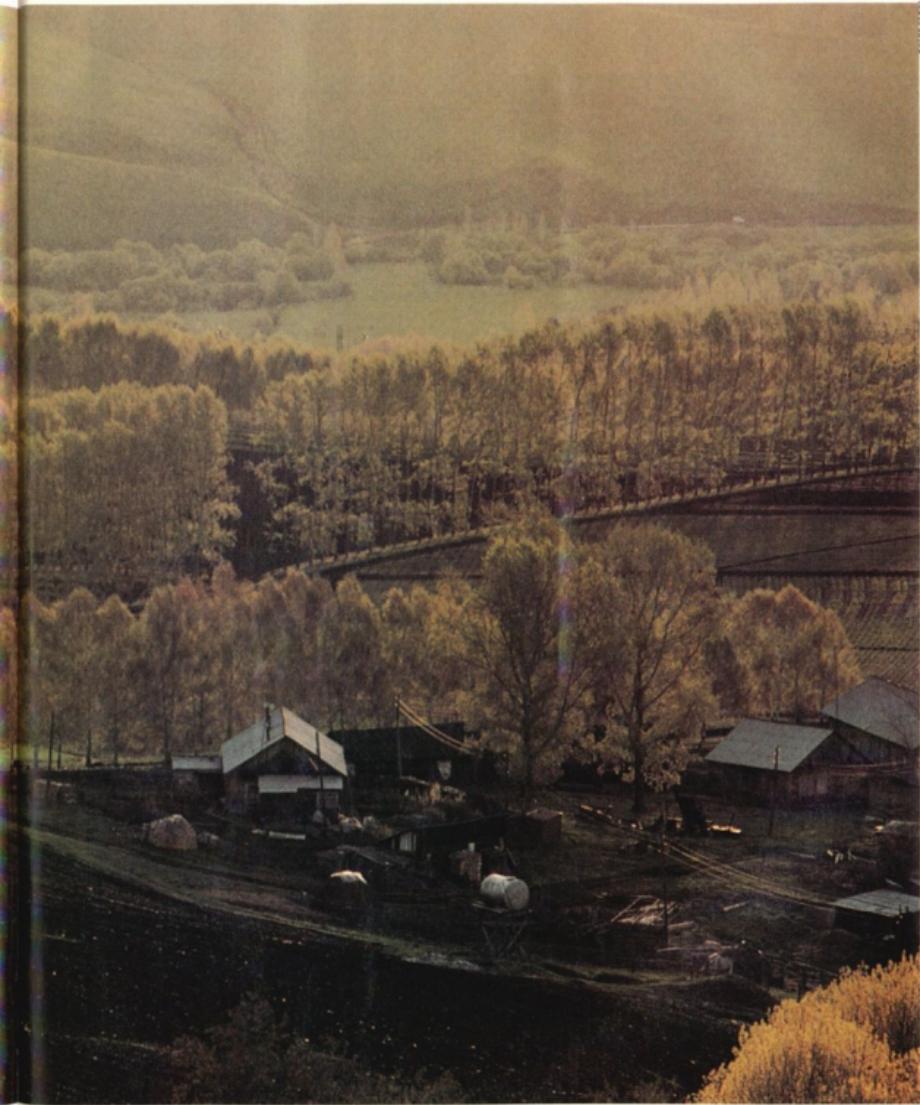
Newlyweds Aleksei Sorubnev and Yelena Fedorova walk down an aisle of ice after a spring storm in Norilsk, Siberia.

POLAR BABIES

Snow prams outside a kindergarten in Dickson, an Arctic Ocean port named for the Swedish backer of an ill-fated expedition.

**ECHOES OF A ONCE BOUNDLESS FOREST**

Fast by northwestern Mongolia, birches embroider the black earth of the Altai range. Once Russia was known simply as *zaleskaiā zemlia*, the "wooded land." Its folklore abounds in tales of the trees from which its culture emerged.



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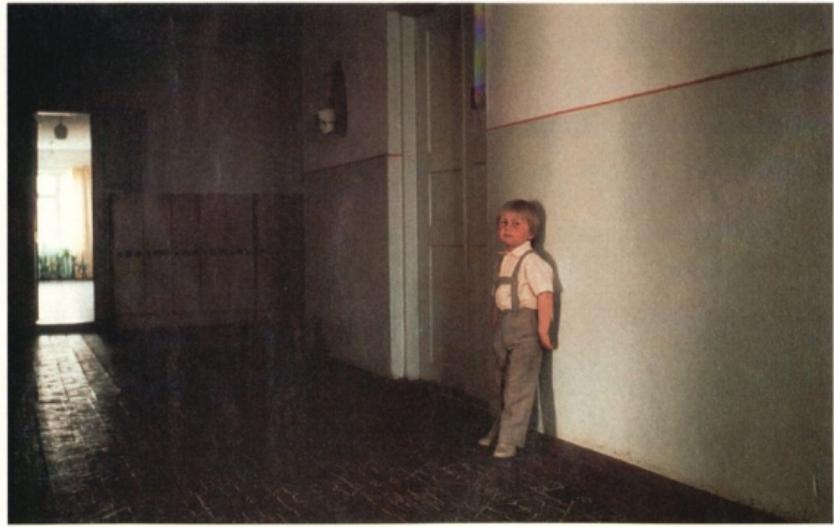
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ABOVE AND BEYOND

**CRIME . . .**

During class at Moscow's Suvorov Military Academy, an elite high school, a cadet practices covert intelligence gathering.

. . . AND PUNISHMENT

In the Ukrainian city of Poltava, a towheaded kindergartner mopes in solitude after being banished for schoolroom mischief.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE SOVIET UNION



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

As one child puzzles through a game, another skips rope on the rooftop playground of Kindergarten No. 188 in Khabarovsk, just north of the Manchurian border. The gauzy bows are a fixture on most young girls.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE SOVIET UNION

PAUL SCHERER



SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

As evening falls in Moscow, modishly dressed young Soviets shake to a rock beat. Seeking to co-opt the proliferating influence of the Western import, the Communist Party is trying to show that it too has rhythm; six years ago it began sponsoring rock festivals, concerts and clubs.

BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

Decked out in studded bracelets, leotard-tight pants and drop-dead sneakers, the heavy-metal band Tir (Rifle Range) tries to stir up an audience in the capital's Gorky Park. Since the onset of *glasnost*, even underground bands have won contracts with Melodiya, the country's top recording company.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE SOVIET UNION



EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

On an afternoon outing, Antosha, Amikus and Kazha show off their awards in Babushkin, on the outskirts of Moscow.

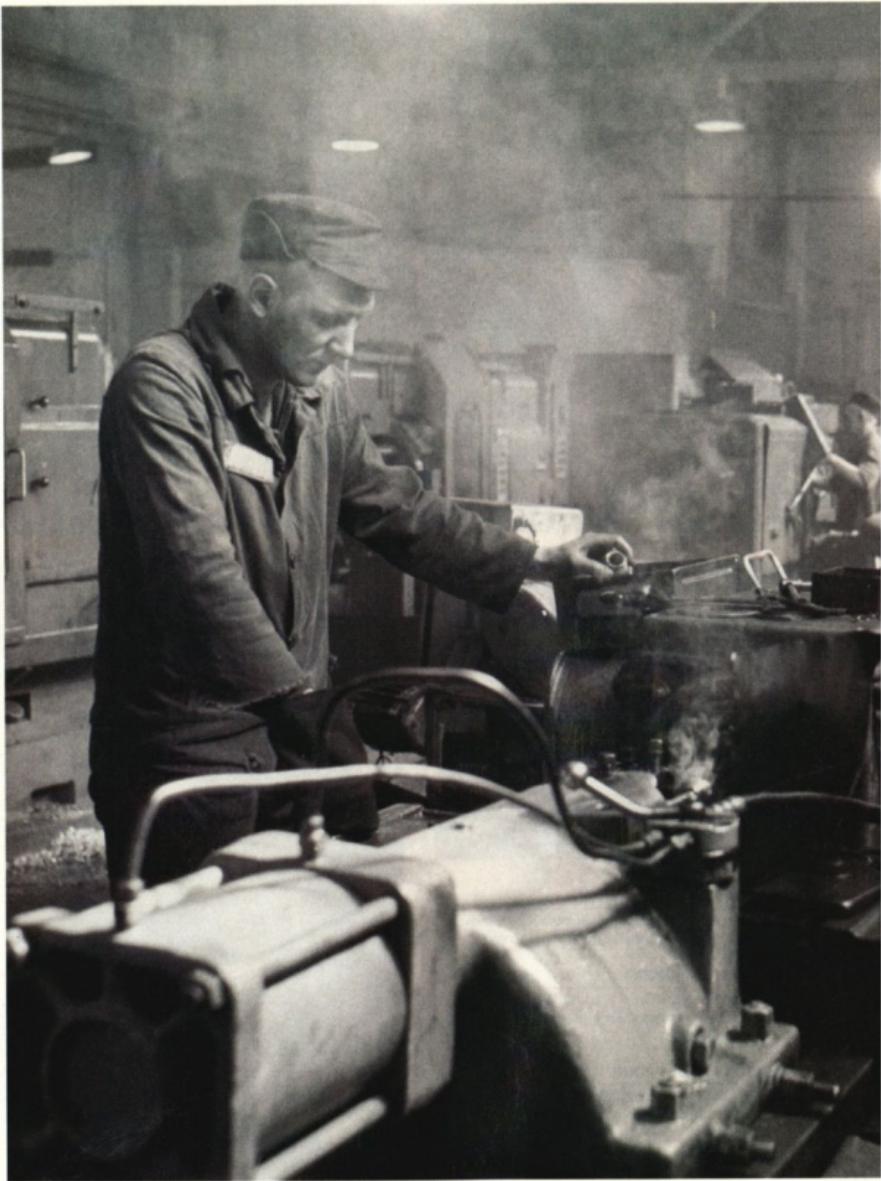
EACH MAN HAS HIS MOMENT

Beribboned veterans of the Great Patriotic War against the Nazis relive old memories in Kaliningrad, formerly the Prussian city of Königsberg.

MANY REASONS TO BE PROUD

In Khabarovsk, another survivor of World War II flashes a chestful of medals and decorations.







SHOOTING
STORY



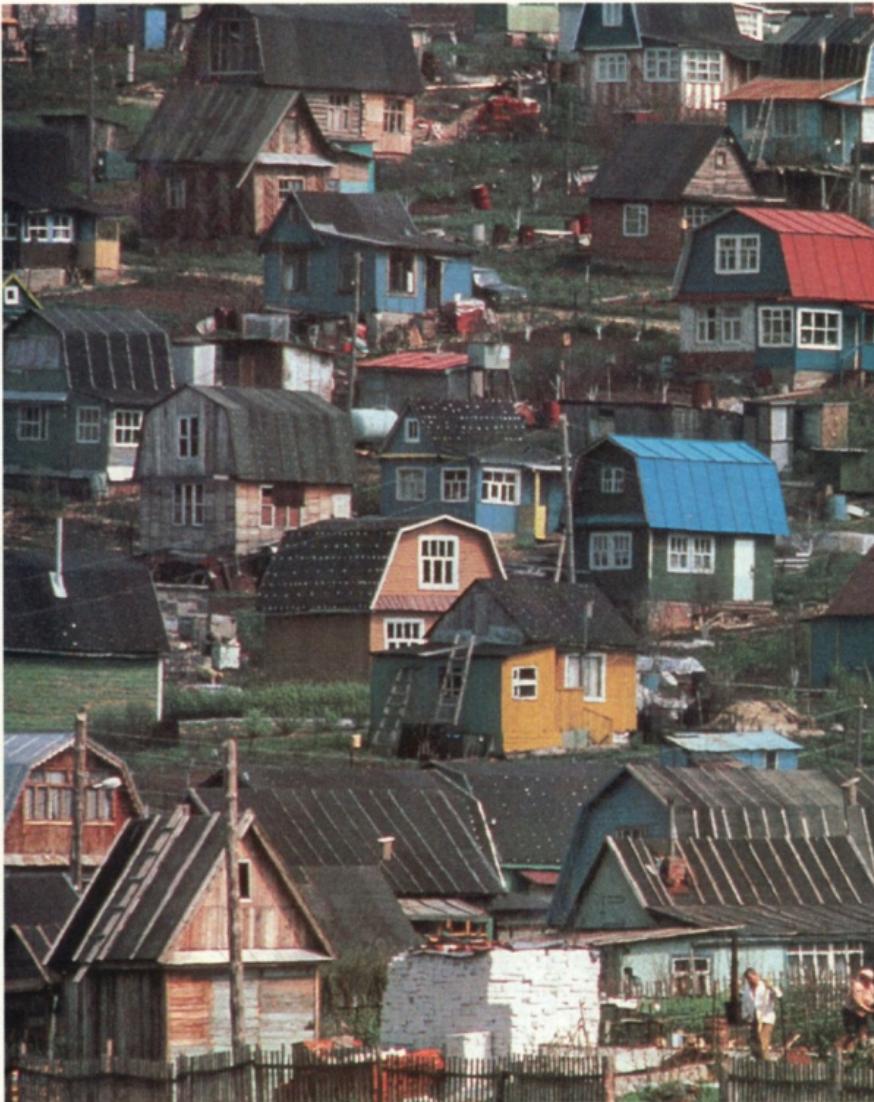
SHOOTING
STORY

LOCKED UP

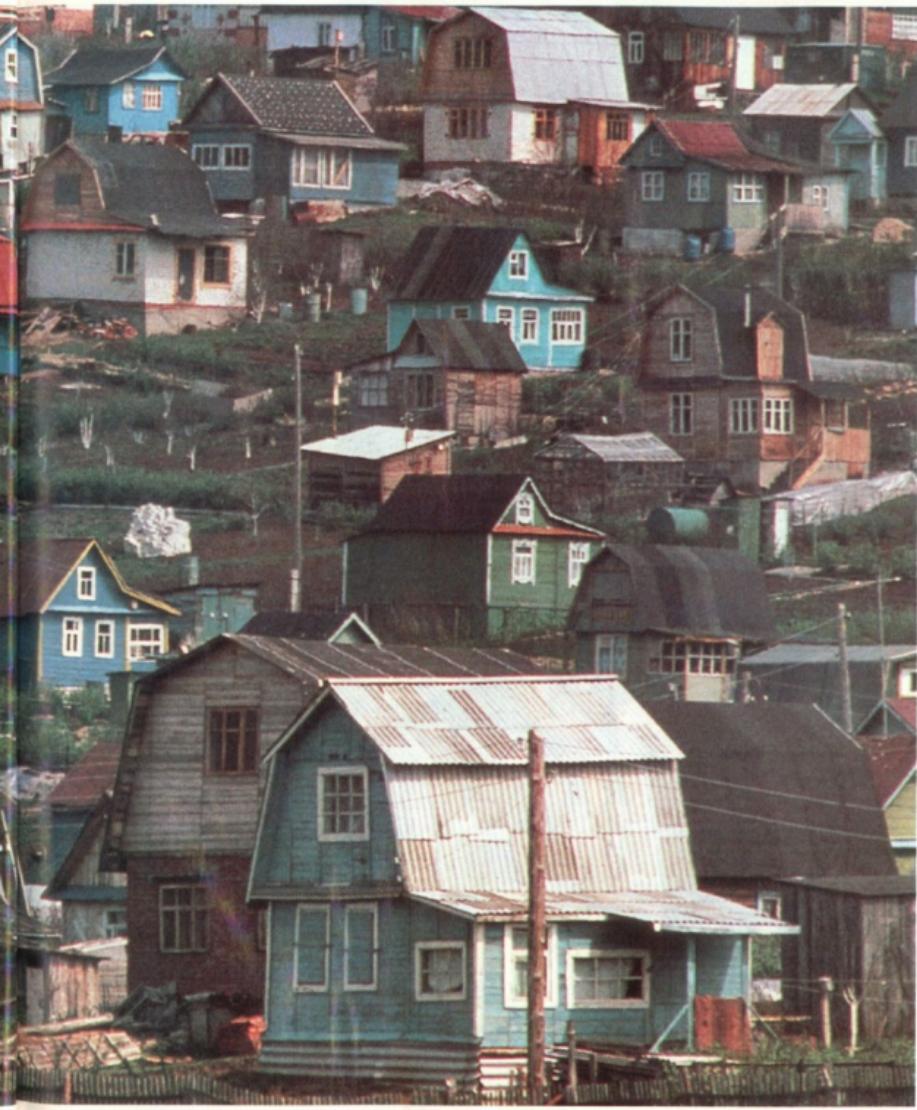
A rare unposed photograph, shot inside the medium-security Vladimir Prison, 150 miles east of Moscow, shows inmates turning out doorknobs and wrenches and other tools in the facility's machine shop.

FANCY-FREE

With many of his buddies conscripted into army service, 19-year-old University Student Vladimir Morozov skateboards alone outside Moscow's Lenin Stadium.

**HOMES AWAY FROM HOME**

With waiting lists for housing growing longer and more hopeless each day, owning a country dacha, even tin-roofed models like these near the medieval city of Kazan in central Russia, is a symbol of rare privilege.





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**WHO'S GOT THE COCOA BUTTER?**

Even southern Russia endures a long winter, so these Stavropol kids are exposed to a quartz lamp to try to prevent vitamin D deficiency.

WHO LET THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN?

At a day-care center in Siberia's Buryat region, communal toilet training is de rigueur. The pots are personalized by number.



SAAB'S INNOVATIVE TECHNOLOGY AND ENGINEERING PROWESS START AT AROUND \$15,000 AND DON'T STOP UNTIL ABOUT \$20 MILLION.

The idea of "shared technology" has a long history at Saab. In fact, the first Saab automobile even shared the technologists themselves; it was designed by aircraft engineers.

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Why long before automakers saw the marketing appeal of the "aero-look," Saab engineers recognized the value of an aerodynamic body and designed the first Saab accordingly.

And why instead of resorting to the automotive world's way of increasing power, (bigger, heavier en-

gines), Saab engineers were among the first to employ a turbocharger in a standard production car and were pioneers in the development of 16-valve cylinder head technology.

The litany of innovations found in every Saab, from the \$15,000 Saab 900 to the \$28,141* Saab 9000 Turbo, also includes significant contributions in the areas of safety and practicality. Saab was one of the earliest proponents of front-wheel drive. (In fact, Saab has never offered anything but.) Saab was also one of the first to combine a hatchback body design with a fold-down rear seat to dramatically increase its cargo capacity. And a leader in the development of collapsible,

energy-absorbing steering columns and dual-diagonal braking systems among other things.

And the free exchange of ideas among all the divisions of this aerospace, automotive, heavy vehicle and electronics group known as Saab-Scania continues to this day with work in the development of new, lighter and stronger materials and more sophisticated electronics.

But to experience this technology in a far more moving fashion, we'd suggest you visit your nearest Saab dealer. Where the entire 1988 model line (minus the supersonic Saab JA-37 Viggen, of course) awaits your inspection.

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©1987 by Saab-Scania of America, Inc. *The Saab 900 Series ranges from \$14,983 for the 900 3-door to \$29,740 for the 900 Turbo Convertible. The 9000 Series ranges from \$23,337 for the 9000S to \$28,141 for the 9000 Turbo. Mfg's. sugg. retail prices not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. Prices subject to change.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE SOVIET UNION



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE SOVIET UNION

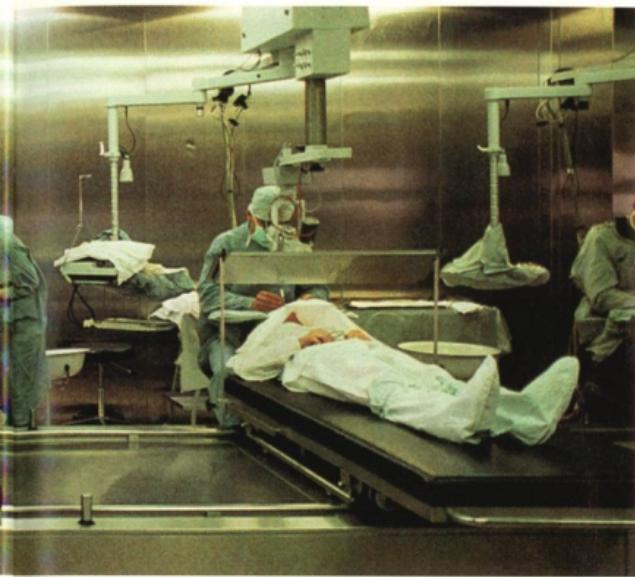
TOMORROW'S GUARDIANS . . .

Cadets on the fast track for military advancement march through a morning drill at Leningrad's Nakhimov Naval Academy.

. . . AND TODAY'S

As a searchlight sweeps the Caspian coast, a border guard surveys the fortified Soviet-Iranian border with infrared binoculars.





STATE OF THE ART

The Institute of Eye Microsurgery in Moscow pioneered the use of laser technology in the treatment and cure of myopia. To increase efficiency, the institute's doctors, among the country's most talented, operate as teams on an assembly line.



ART FOR THE STATE

On an outsize handloom in the Ukrainian village of Reshetilovka, women weave rich earth tones into a carpet. Their factory is producing a series commemorating the 70th anniversary of the Great October Revolution.



A PIous AND PRIVATE PENITENCE

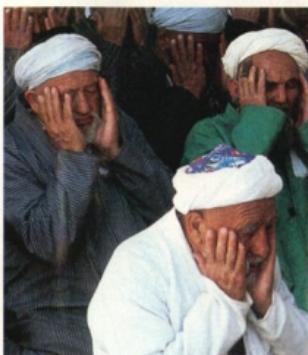
Lenin once wrote, "Every religious idea, every idea of God . . . is unutterable vileness." Proselytizing is still forbidden, but greater freedom now exists to express religious beliefs. Here, a Roman Catholic priest hears confession at St. Albert's Church in the Latvian capital of Riga, on the Baltic coast.

A PERSECUTED CREED

In Tbilisi, Georgia, an elderly man attends Friday services in one of only 60 synagogues left in the country. Discrimination against Jews has led many to deny their heritage or seek to emigrate. Russian anti-Semitism dates back to the violent massacres in the 17th century.

PUBLIC PROFESSIONS OF FAITH

At the Khoja Abdu Darun Mosque in Samarkand, not far from Afghanistan, Muslims signal the end of a prayer by drawing their hands over their faces. By the year 2000, Muslim ethnic groups will form about one-third of the population.





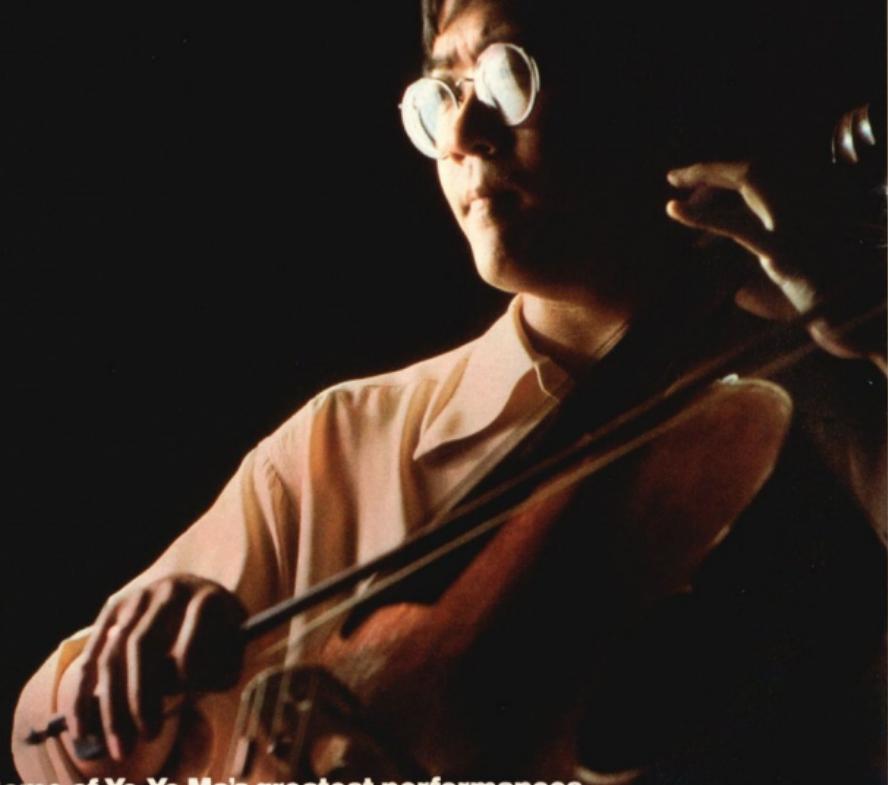
**A NOOK IN THE NORTH**

Their faces reddened by sun, wind and the glare of Siberian snow, Gennadi Porotov and Ignat Uksusnikov, of the Nganasani people, dine on frozen fish inside their *balaok*, a portable cabin used by Soviet ice dwellers.



**ROLLING OUT THE NEXT GENERATION**

A nurse tries to fit a newborn, snugly wrapped in swaddling clothes, on a maternity-ward cart in the Emergency Hospital in Saratov, a city on the west bank of the Volga. Each day sees the birth of 14,700 Soviet babies.



Some of Yo-Yo Ma's greatest performances have never been heard.

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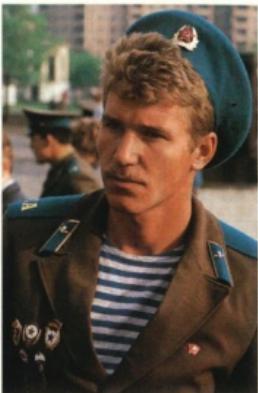
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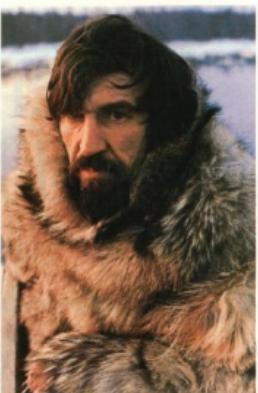
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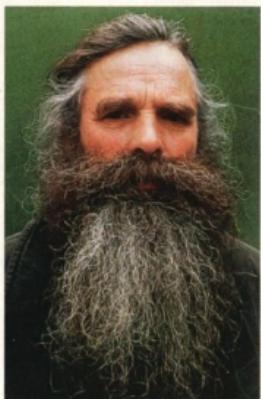
Samarkand, Uzbekistan



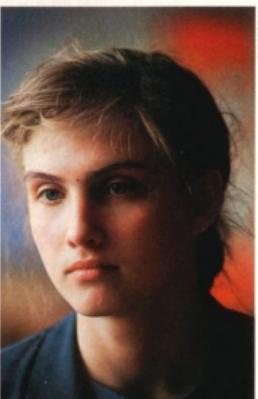
Nukus, Uzbekistan



Yalta, Ukraine



Zagorsk, Russian Republic



Moscow, Russian Republic

Enter This House And Let the Ice Melt

A visitor's impression of every day in the life

BY ROGER ROSENBLATT

A poet friend gave Oleg the nickname Allegro, because Oleg walks and talks like a runaway note, and because Oleg's life is jazz. You might have heard him play last spring if you were around Sacramento, Milwaukee or Rockford, Ill. That was the first tour of the U.S.A. by the Leningradski Dixieland Band, with Yuri Borisovich Miroscnichenko on bass, Konstantin Ivanovich Dyubenchik on piano, and the leader, the souped-up, the ten-steps-ahead-of-you Oleg Grigoryevich Kuvaltsev on sax. Oleg heard his first saxophone on the Voice of America in the 1950s, craved the sound, stuck a clarinet in a samovar, and it moaned like a sax. Then he organized a group that played clubs on the sly, jazz officially being Western decadence back then. Today he sings, "I got rhythm, I got music, I got my band. Who could ask for anything more?"

Allegro as ever this Thursday morning, he skitters ahead through his rainy city, the former capital of the empire, pointing out Prince Menshikov's palace and the Peter and Paul Fortress and the spot where this uprising occurred and that attempted assassination. Now he scoots into the Summer Garden built by Peter the Great, lush as the setting of Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*, the wide wet paths lined with statues of Justice, Mercy and Truth. "I courted my wife in this garden," he calls back over his shoulder. "See that gate [the elegant symmetrical garden gate that looms above the Neva River]! An Englishman once sailed his ship here from Britain, and when he saw that perfect gate he said he had seen all that one ever needed to see of St. Petersburg, and he sailed home that very day. That's how I felt when I met my wife." Laugh, jump the puddles, pat the trees, move.

But the Summer Garden is merely a pause on Oleg's personal guided tour of Leningrad. As was the Naval Museum, where his metal-mustached grandfather peered out dazedly from a photograph taken aboard the *Aurora*, the cruiser that fired the shot that signaled the taking of the Winter Palace on Oct. 25, 1917. A stop on the way, as were the Rostral Columns, studded with the prows of conquered ships, and the most rational, logical street in the world, the Street of the Architect Rossi, 220 meters long, 22 meters wide, each house 22 meters high.

"All Leningrad is logical, like a perfect plan."

"Perfect plans can be suffocating."

"Sure. But that's jazz. You improvise within the plan."

Where Oleg wants to get to is Raskolnikov's house, No. 19 Carpenter Lane, where Dostoyevsky tenanted his brooding murderer. So deeply does Oleg love his Dostoyevsky that he named his eldest son Fyodor, and he car-

ries a weathered copy of *Crime and Punishment* with him. In his family are two other children and a wife like the gate of the Summer Garden, and two in-laws, all seven in three rooms. "What can you do?" He smiles and shrugs. The rain paints the city a blackened silver. "Old joke," shouts Oleg. "Out-of-towner: When do you have summer in Leningrad? Leningrader: Last year it fell on Wednesday."

Now he is here in the neighborhood of the Griboedov Canal, approaching the street where he lived. "Yes, I know that his works were once forbidden, and other great writers are outlawed now. And yes, it bothers me. But freedom is like a girl, you know. I love her. She does not love me. Can I help but love her anyway?" Trucks hiss in the rain on what Oleg points out as the Bridge of 16 Balls.

"Why is it called that?"

"The statues at either end. Four horsemen. Four horses. See how much freedom you'll have to print that."

Now on the street where Raskolnikov saw the woman drowning in the canal and made no move to save her, seeing that death was simple. Now past the home of Porfiry Petrovich, Raskolnikov's obsessed pursuer. Now in a potholed alley where a stranger lurched out of an archway and yelled at Raskolnikov, "You are the killer!" The archway echoes footsteps, past Nos. 27, 25, 23. At last No. 19, a yellow house at the end of the street, where sunlight cannot touch, like a secret.

Up the stairs, allegro, past the dark blue walls. One flight, two flights, three, four. Pinned to the door of the apartment next to Raskolnikov's, an official notice provided by the district designates this place as a model, well-kept apartment. An honor, a standard established by the schoolteacher state for the other residents of Raskolnikov's house, for Raskolnikov himself, if he were alive, still seething behind the door of Apartment 15.

Oleg produces his text, intending to read aloud. But then he looks up suddenly, noticing the graffiti on the wall, and belly laughs.

"What does it say?"

"Raskolnikov, come back."

"And that one?"

"Raskolnikov. I was looking for you. I'll be back in an hour. Wait." Signed 'Porfiry'."

Loud laughter. A man opens his apartment door and shushes the intruders. Oleg whispers, giggling, that we had better leave.

"What does that one say?"

Oleg studies the wild scrawl. "It says, 'Enter this house and let the ice melt.'"

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know."

Enter this house and let the ice melt. An ambiguous injunction, applying to either one's own ice or that of the house. The injunction is difficult to follow. A first-time visitor brings an ice chip the size of a continent on his shoulder to the house of the Soviet Union. Disapproval mounts on memory, and there in the airport upon landing is all that political, historical ice at one's side: collectivism, adventurism, dissidents, Gulags, murders, anti-books, anti-church, anti-Semitism, psychological torture, denial of rights, property, humanity. You were not even aware you bore such grudge-freight with you, but flying into Moscow, circling the sudden, pleasing greenery, you understood that no Westerner can enter here, however eagerly, without a glacier in his heart.

So when the ice of hostile opinion melts, which happens over time, it melts almost in spite of itself, and it never melts entirely. Sometimes a spot that has thawed for a while refreezes in a shot, as when one, glazed-eyed, sees what one wishes to see, and then something terrible happens to mock the wisher. The open mind—that smirking journalistic god—suffers mightily in the Soviet Union. You do not arrive with an open mind, and seeking to achieve it may be an error, made usually in the interests of courtesy, since most conversations with Soviet citizens, even on heated topics, are civil, restrained, constrained. One feels either an odd sort of guilt for harboring one's chilly matter, or a fool for laying it aside.

But crossed feelings are merely one element of the game here, where the mystery is part of the solution. And the mystery itself is blatant, worn openly, since it is common knowledge in and about the Soviet Union that this is a very mysterious place, has always been a mysterious place, down through the party secretaries, and the Revolu-

tion and the Czars, and past all that to the exotic mysteries of the various kingdoms that existed before they were enfolded in the larger kingdom: dolls within dolls; smiles within smiles. You get the feeling that there are two great secret bureaucracies in the Soviet Union: the government's and that of the people, who hide from the government out in the open and function in their own puzzling network of covert operations. And then again you get the feeling that the people were made for their government, that they could not lead lives either of resistance or of complacency, both of which offer deep satisfactions, if the government did not cooperate.

You can see at least one thing clearly at the start. The Soviet Union is as different from the United States as two places can be different, in part because the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. look alike in power and global interests, even in physiognomy and the varieties of nationality, and so the discovery of difference inevitably exaggerates the impression of difference. But the difference is real, and it extends to the natures of the people. Charity ads tell us that people are the same the world over, but except for biology, the evidence leans otherwise. American and Russian people both cuddle their children, lose their tempers, suffer toothaches, laugh at much the same jokes. But to believe that they are the same creatures who happen to live under antipodal political and economic theories is not only to deny that there is a logical connection between peoples and their governments, but inevitably to devalue the "mutual understanding" that politicians love to tout.

If one really seeks mutual understanding with the Soviets, that understanding begins with the differences, which evidence themselves in basic characteristics. In a monthlong visit, I counted four such characteristics, nev-



A WEATHERED BUT UBIQUITOUS SYMBOL

A man out for a morning stroll in a Khabarovsk park.

er being wholly sure of anyone or anything, which was only fair, since no one could be wholly sure of me. Still, in the places I saw—Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Riga, Tashkent, Tbilisi and the towns and villages around them—these four characteristics seemed to be constant: the presence of the past; the tension between the individual and the state; the mixture of love and fear with which citizens view their government; and, finally, a special beauty in the people that derives from a sense of life as grief.

"Did I see Lenin? Of course I saw Lenin. I saw Trotsky. I saw the *Czar*. I saw him twice! Once was in 1913, when they celebrated the 300th anniversary of the monarchy. He stood no more than 30 meters away. The second was when a French diplomat visited the city, Nicholas. He had 40 separate titles. Emperor of Russia! Duke of Finland! Always he exhorted the cossacks against the crowds. I looked upon his face."

Mikhail Petrovich Sinozersky, dressed in a white formal shirt and blue jogging pants with straps supporting his bedroom slippers, leans forward on a chair in his blue Leningrad apartment. His bald head is nearly covered by an enormous white bandage held in place by a safety pin, the result of minor surgery. "When the doctors went in, they found the fragment of a mine." He is amused by this, the 84-year-old vet, who worked twelve hours a day in a factory at the age of twelve, fought in a revolution, a civil war, a world war, and only retired from his job of making gears at the age of 77. The blue eyes water slightly, but the skin on his face is taut. Head bandaged, he still looks ready for a fight.

"But yes, I saw Lenin. I saw him that second day of Easter when he came to the Finland Station. Lenin's sister Anna—historians ignore this fact—received a telegram that he was on the way, but she was able to tell only a few people of the event. Still, the word spread. We kids were just standing around when suddenly we saw a huge group of workers marching along the tramway and carrying a poster, **TONIGHT LENIN IS COMING**.

"Everyone at my factory knew that something big was up. The whole place, three or four thousand people, went down to meet the train. At 10 o'clock the station was pitch-dark when the train pulled in. But the soldiers of the Revolution had come with searchlights and had

climbed up on the roof. It was a warm night. My friends and I waited six hours. We really did not sense the significance of the event. Ninety-nine percent of the people there had never laid eyes on Lenin. Peter the Great stood 7 ft. tall. Rumors spread that Lenin was taller.

"When the train arrived, Lenin climbed atop an armored car and addressed the crowd, telling them that this was the end of czarism, and more, that working people were no longer to be beaten and starved. Everyone I knew joined the Revolution—not then at the Finland Station, but before, because of the oppression, the wrongs. My own father was jailed for two years for a tussle with a policeman. We all had a reason.

"So, as the spirit of the Revolution grew in 1917, I joined. I worked as a courier, running messages to and from the Smolny Institute [formerly the convent school of Catherine the Great], where the Red Army had its headquarters. By the beginning of October, the Revolution was in the open. I reported to Smolny how many guards were in my district, where they were located at different times. Lenin remained underground. It was essential for him to know whether the soldiers would side with the provisional government or with the workers. Historians write that the provisional government just laid back and let the Revolution happen, but that is not so. Martial law was enforced. They controlled the bridges on the Neva. You needed passes in the streets. It was a dangerous time.

"Starting from Oct. 20, the atmosphere of the entire city was heated. And still, the attack on the Winter Palace was unexpected. I was running a message to Smolny when I heard the *Aurora*'s shot, though I had no idea what it meant. A warm breeze carried the sound of the shot all over the city. I wanted to go over to the palace; my brother was there, in the first wave. He's still alive, my brother. He met Gorbachev this year. In the early morning they sent me to bring back one of the leaders.

"I was a 15-year-old peasant, but on the morning of Oct. 26 at 7 a.m., there I was standing beneath the grand staircase of the Czar's house, looking around. The air was full of dust. I poked about and entered the throne room. Three revolutionary soldiers were asleep on the throne. I called out for the leader I was sent to get, and suddenly people were treating me as an adult. They did not call me by my diminutive name. Everything was changed.

"It was not, I stress, a romantic thing that we did. We knew that we were doing something real. It worked, and it fulfilled its promise. At the Finland Station I pushed up close to the armored car to see and to hear. Lenin said, 'Everything is being done for you, for your future, your children.' I believed that."

The events recalled by Mikhail Sinozersky constitute the officially sanctified past of the Soviet present. Lenin's dicta are reproduced all over the Soviet Union, most volubly on giant metal billboards that rise from the highways and boulevards like sudden shouts. **LONG LIVE LABOR; ALL PARTY DECISIONS MUST BE CARRIED OUT.** Lenin's face and body are reproduced in photographs, paintings and statuary everywhere: the friendly uncle Lenin, cap in hand and smiling, the forceful, into-the-future-that-works Lenin striding forward. In practically every office, great and small, a framed photograph of Lenin. On the bookshelf in Sinozersky's bedroom, a small pewter bust of Lenin, overseeing the old man's account of the past.

The centerpiece of this national reverence is Lenin's waxen body, lying in serene attentiveness in the Red Square tomb. No formal sight in the Soviet Union is more impressive than the lines of visitors to that tomb, day after

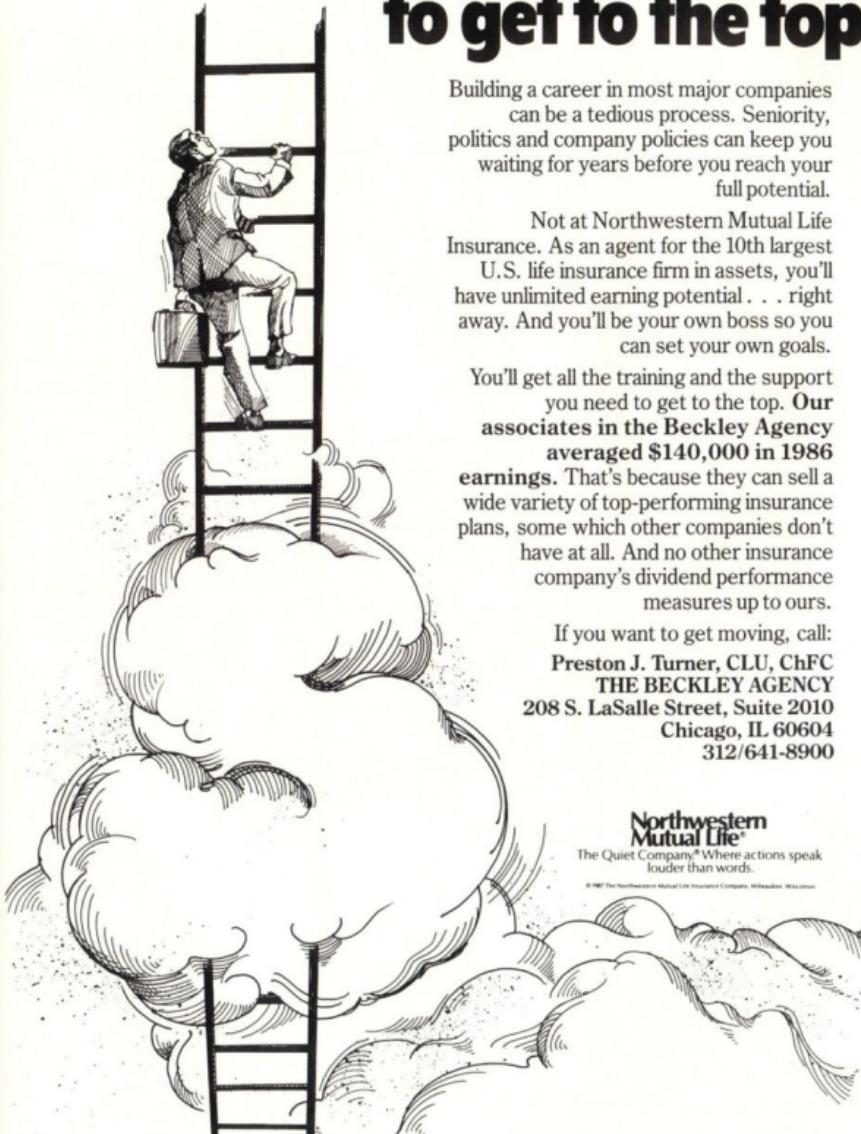
VLADIMIR FEDEKOV



BENEATH A MADDENING SKY

A mid-May blizzard sweeps through Norilsk in Siberia.

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day, an hour's wait, in all weather. The guards deliberately hook the lines in a grand sweep, not only to allow room for more people but also to give the line a quasi-religious form. All chatter diminishes rapidly as people approach the tomb that houses both a body and a statement that the revolutionary past is the best of the present. Couples on their wedding day bring flowers there for luck.

Even Stalin, acknowledged openly by most citizens now as murderous and mad, remains for many an important part of the cherished recent past. In the marble-hushed Stalin Museum in Gori, Stalin's birthplace in Georgia, hang hundreds of photographs of Stalin with Lenin, Stalin with Gorky, Stalin with Churchill and F.D.R. "Where are the photographs of Stalin with Hitler?"—a needling question to the decorous museum guide, who does not skip a beat. "Oh, those," she says. "They must be in the archives." A million people come to the museum every year, she says, not all of them Georgians and not all of them World War II veterans, although it is with veterans that Stalin's name remains least sullied. It is unsettling for Americans to realize that to Soviet citizens, it is they who defeated Nazi Germany, and history gives them a point.

The toll of that terrible war is part of the country's past-present as well. A memorial in Riga is half garden, half graves. In Tashkent, a statue shows a family embracing children who were orphaned in the west of the country. Outside Kiev, in Babi Yar, the memorialists were careful to dedicate the statue not to the nearly 100,000 Jews murdered there in the ravine but to the citizens of Kiev in general. Over the ravine where the murders occurred, plots of "black roses," chernobrivity, surround a sculpture of victims clinging to one another to forestall their falling.

In Piskaryovskoye Cemetery, the war memorial in Leningrad, Maria Ivanova, in black from head to foot, comes two or three times a week to think about her husband, who died fighting outside the city. Six hundred thousand starved to death during the siege; coffins lay in the streets. In her ninth month of pregnancy when the siege began, Ivanova struggled through the 900 days, often going without food, feeding her daughter grass. She points to the grass covering the huge mounds of mass graves in the memorial; they look like enormous green beds in a hospital ward.

In the Novodevichy Cemetery in Moscow, the reverence of the past goes back further. Thousands bring their homage and flowers to lay at the graves of Gogol and Chekhov. Everywhere the past sustains the literature and the arts. Churches and entire neighborhoods are restored in Kiev and Tbilisi. In Samarkand, the old men in their square hats, *tyubetekas*, converse to yammer folktales as old as the 14th century mosques.

The presence of the past allows for feelings of enchantment, glory, inspiration, cultural moorings, reveries. It also allows for an odd sort of comfort in a country that is old-fashioned in so many ways that one would not know it for a modern power except for the missiles and rockets. This is a country where they still use the abacus and carbon paper; where, if one abandons real time, what appears is not the 1980s but the 1940s or the 1950s, with mobs hovering around the phonograph-record section of the GUM department store in Moscow, listening to Doris Day sing *Qué Sera Sera*.

At a major basketball game in Tbilisi, the crowd of 10,000 sat in delight as ten-year-old boys in full Georgian dress performed a folk dance before the game. The style of the game itself was out of the 1950s, the Tbilisi Dynamos (pronounced dee-nah-mos) doing almost all the scoring from the outside. Goods in the stores look like things

discovered in a warehouse unopened for 50 years. Men's gray shoes; toys that look used; vinyl raincoats made in colors that no one would choose. Cars break down. Television sets explode. High-ranking officials have four or five phones on their desks, there being no central switchboards. If the person you are phoning is not at his desk when you call, you simply will not make contact, and time will pass, and nothing will move.

In one's harshest moments, one suspects that the government has deliberately created this distortion of time so that full control of time will always reside in Moscow (all Aeroflot schedules run on Moscow time). But sometimes one also feels that this mass inefficiency and old-fashionedness is willed by the people themselves, as a means of retaining the past and of holding modernity away. In many ways all of the Soviet Union is like the old immigrant neighborhoods that once characterized America, a place at once aware of progress and intuitively resistant to it. Consciously or not, the government encourages that resistance by keeping the people ignorant of much news of the modern world, except when that news displays the violence of modernity (American murders make popular news stories).

Still, the antiquated inconveniences seem to offer the people a certain solace, as reassuring in their drabness as are the palaces in their gold leaf, that nothing will ever alter Soviet life too drastically, too frighteningly. In these *perestroika* (restructuring) times, when talk of change leaps automatically into the air, only the artists seem to take to the idea of change naturally, as a function of temperament, others showing as much wariness as pleasure at the anticipation of new structures. Even the state's former policies, now officially abjured, are part of the past that is known and oddly acceptable for that. Yet the new policies are also acceptable because the state has decided on them; the state has ordered people to be free. It sounds just like other orders in the old days. The old days prevail. Walking at her own sweet pace across a dilapidated six-lane highway near the resort town of Jurmala, an old woman in a kerchief shoulders a scythe.

"I want to explain something to you before we meet the fisherman." My journalist-guide talks cheerily as we drive toward the village of Zarmava, 30 kilometers northeast of the Latvian capital of Riga. The guide is slim as a



PLEADING AT HEAVEN'S GATE

Believers gather in Echmiadzin, seat of the Armenian church.

mannequin, carefully wrapped in a sport coat and slacks. His small nose turns upward; his cheekbones seem to have driven his chin into recession. Throughout the drive he is relentless in pointing out the beauties of the countryside, the coziness of the dachas, the nobility of the working people of Latvia, of Russia.

"Before the Great Revolution," he goes on, "every fisherman in Latvia had to fish for himself. As a result, the fisherman was the poorest man in the republic."

"This particular fisherman we're going to see?"

"No, no. Fishermen in general." He does not know whether to take such questions seriously, so he takes all questions seriously.

"But after the Great Revolution, all the fishermen joined collective farms." He parks the car at the side of a lane. "And thanks to the Great Revolution, now they are among the *richest* people in Latvia!"

"The great Russian Revolution?"

"Yes." He looks briefly disconcerted. "Here we are."

At the gate of their cottage, the fisherman and his wife greet us with warm courtesy. My guide prattles on about the perfection of the fisherman's house; of his German shepherd, who stalks back and forth barking in a wire-fence-enclosed pen; of the fisherman's garden, which is indeed brilliant with daisies and roses of various colors. Inside the cottage, the couple have prepared a late-afternoon Sunday dinner of caviar, salmon and lamprey eels. My guide's face aches with grins: "Such a table, such a table!" He gurgles with delight as he reaches for black balsam liqueur, a Latvian specialty, which is made without alcohol but kicks like a mule.

"So." The guide presents the couple again as if they were a pair of porcelain dolls. Both are in their late 50s, formally dressed, shy but at ease with the affability expected of them. "So," repeats the guide. "You may ask your questions."

"Well, for a start, could you tell me exactly how a collective farm works?" I address the fisherman.

"All the fishermen band together for the common good. Isn't that so?" my guide asks the fisherman, who nods, smiling.

"Who directs the collective farm?"

"The Fishermen's Union of the Republic of Latvia," answers the guide. "Isn't that so, Arvid?" Arvid smiles and nods again. "Of course," adds the guide, "the members of the union are elected openly, and one joins the collective farm of one's own free will."

"So," again trying to reach the fisherman directly, "the collective is joined of one's own free will. And the collective is directed—"

"Guided," corrects my guide.

"Guided, then, by the union. Who, uh, guides the union?"

"Well, of course, there is the Ministry of Fisheries in Moscow," the guide explains. "That is correct, is it not, Arvid?" By now Arvid is nodding continually.

"I want to be sure I have this straight. A fisherman can join a cooperative farm of his own free will. And the cooperative is told what to do by the union. And the union is told what to do by the ministry in Moscow."

"Correct," beams the guide.

"But the fisherman joins the cooperative farm of his own free will."

"Of course."

"And he could go to work fishing for himself."

"No," says the guide.

"So he has the free will to join the cooperative, but if he quits, he's out of a job."

The guide considers for a moment, then grins again. "No one is out of a job in the Soviet Union." Nods all

around. "And there would never be a reason for the fisherman to quit the cooperative. The cooperative is not only his source of income, but his strength. Isn't that so, Arvid?"

Anxious that Arvid might nod himself to death, I change the subject to his garden, the contents of which, Arvid says for himself at last, he changes every year.

"Why do you change your garden?"

"Because it makes me feel as if I direct the flowers." His answer is pronounced very slowly.

Now the guide nods. "It is a beautiful garden, a very beautiful garden. And your ceilings, Arvid. You must not forget to show your ceilings." To me: "He has made every ceiling in this house a different design from the other."

"Why did you do that?" I ask, gazing up at the brown wooden ceiling above me, which Arvid has carved to look like the icing on a chocolate wedding cake.

"It gave me pleasure," says Arvid.

"What else do you do for your pleasure?"

"I sing," he answers. "I sing in a chorus."

"Everyone sings in Latvia," my guide chips in, eyes shining with both joy and black balsam. He has been downing the stuff steadily all afternoon, raising various enthusiastic toasts to fishermen, international friendship and birthdays (that day happened to be mine).

Asked if he would consent to sing a Latvian folk song right now, Arvid holds back at first, but then begins in a cello-like voice that seems to come from beneath the floorboards. The song is processional. Some story is being sung.

And then, suddenly, as Arvid continues to sing, my guide joins the song in perfect thirds harmony. His squeaky speaking voice has become a flute. He looks like a different person, the face unpinched, the eyes free of strain. His contribution to the song flows like a clear stream into Arvid's.

A silence, at once contented and embarrassed, follows, in which everyone tactfully acknowledges that for a moment we have been in the presence of something disruptive. Arvid's wife gazes blushingly at the floor.

"What does the song mean?" I ask the fisherman.

The guide speaks up again, his composure regained. "It means, Oh to be alone in a boat on the open sea! Isn't that right, Arvid?" The fisherman nods.

The system in which Arvid the fisherman does his work is, like all such systems in the Soviet Union, a simple open structure operating within a complex hidden theory. Hypothetically, collective farms, whether dealing with fish or carrots, are voluntary organizations formed by people who pool resources and share profits. In fact, however, the state imposed these organizations on rural populations, and it controls them loosely or strictly, depending on location and circumstances. What my guide said about free elections is sometimes true and sometimes not. Many elected officials of unions like Arvid's are simply party appointees, and indirectly the party keeps an eye on all things related to the farm, including the fish.

The relationship of the individual to the state is thus held in place by lines that reach to him no matter if he fishes for a living, teaches, plays soccer or practices medicine. Whatever philosophy or revision the state expresses at any given time will find its way into every segment of society through the ministry or bureau or union of this or that. The recent directives of the 27th Congress offer perfect, if ironic, examples of these lines of connection. Viewing desperate economic straits, Gorbachev ordered up greater individual responsibility. The workers are expected to respond uniformly with individuality.

In Kiev, Boris Soldatenko, the party secretary in

charge of one of the city's twelve districts, is responsible for the well-being of 300,000 citizens. In his typically spare, clean bureaucrat's office a framed photograph of Lenin is the only decoration on the walls. It looks down on a heavily built, amiable, if guarded, man of 41, whose main task nowadays is to build housing for the people of the district. It is an assignment that, because of his training as a construction engineer, he relishes as his meat. The 27th Congress promised that by the year 2000 every Soviet family would have its own dwelling place. Boris is directly connected to that promise. "More attention must be given to individual incentives," he repeats the party line. "The best workers will get the best apartments first."

"Why was individual achievement ignored before?"

"It was not ignored. The country had other priorities." He cites the principle of "democratic centralism. The individual has personal responsibility for his achievements, but the overall decisions are collective."

"And what if the individual outruns the collective?"

"Lenin always said that jumping ahead too fast is destructive for the state."

Current enthusiasms aside, there is a logical conflict in all this new governmental stress on the pre-eminence of the individual that goes beyond the academic illogic of being ordered to be independent. Throughout its history, the Communist Party has made it clear to the people that the party and only the party understands the basic truths of Marxism-Leninism. Individuals may offer "subjective" interpretations of dogma, but the party owns the dogma's truth. When the party officially encourages individual achievements, therefore, it does so under strict control. Not only is an individual achiever always subordinate to

the group, but even that balancing act is limited by the presumption that since final knowledge of all things resides in the Kremlin, no single citizen can truly comprehend the singularity he has been directed to assert.

This poses a problem for the individuals within the system who show true independent spirits. Arvid the fisherman provides an answer in his ever changing garden and ceiling designs, as does Oleg in his riffs ("You improvise within the plan"). But self-assertion need not be so private. Shota Kavlashvili, the chief architect of Tbilisi, held that post in the early 1970s but lost it between 1974 and 1978 because of his stubborn persistence in seeking to restore the mid-19th century Old Town area of the city, with its frame houses and wide, gracious balconies. After his dismissal, Shota continued to work as a rank-and-file architect, eventually securing an assignment to build a tunnel near the Old Town area. Shota completed the tunnel, but he also surreptitiously restored a couple of the old buildings nearby. If *glasnost* (openness) had been in effect (the smiles as he says this), he could not have been so secret or so successful.

Shota is a tall, slim, self-contained man, in his 60s now, who hardly looks like a fifth columnist, and will not admit to being one, though that is what he is. He not only works within the system, he also supervises it, taking instructions from above to build uninteresting apartment houses to complement the existing ones that look like white, square filing cabinets with laundry spilling from the drawers. Still, he pursues his own restoration dreams. As an architect he defends the necessary "free expression" of his craft. Yet he talks with equal enthusiasm about a collective good and "shared values."

"But if you had shared the values of those who did not



INTIMATIONS OF FANTASY

A doll peers at linen hung out to dry in Voskevaz in Armenia.

want to see Old Town restored, nothing would have improved."

He neither agrees with this nor disagrees. "If you would like to speak with me further, call me at home in the morning. I work at home in the mornings on projects I devise for myself, not government assignments. I call that my right-hand work. In the office I do my left-hand work." He smiles only slightly again, and that is that.

The great modern Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky wrote a poem called "Antiworlds," which describes the opposition of two realities. "Long live antiworlds! They rebut! With dreams, the rat race and the rut." In the Soviet Union one senses the presence of the dreamworld in rebuttal, a sort of "other realm" that constituted paradise in the old Russian fairy tales. Perhaps that dreamworld will fuse with reality in the light of new official permissiveness. Voznesensky is delightedly shocked at how far things have gone in so short a time. At his home in Peredelkino, a woodsy artists' enclave outside Moscow, he exults about new times: "Look at the response to the Chagall exhibition." He refers to the September showing in Moscow of the formerly forbidden works of the painter, an exhibition that Voznesensky introduced. "Tens of thousands line up to ogle the paintings, and others write vicious anti-Semitic letters to the papers reviling Chagall as a Zionist. No one would have dared to write such letters years ago. Both extremes are raising their heads."

And how far will the current individual expressions go? And is not all this individuality at odds with the collective philosophy of the country, and ultimately with state power? At present the system of tight connections is still in place. In several senses, the Soviets are a nation of lines: the lines in front of the shops, the theaters, the sports palaces; the lines to the past; the verbal lines, the party slogans. But the strongest lines remain the "lines" kept on good citizens and bad, on well-kept apartments and bad; the lines that cut into telephone lines; the lines of *nomenklatura* and of *blat*, or patronage; the lines from Moscow to the fisherman, the district leader, the architect, the poet. So vast and various a country, and yet one has the feeling that on the sunniest days any citizen could be plucked from the vastness like a fish from the sea.

Sometimes one gets the feeling that the old-fashionedness is willed, a means of holding modernity away.

"I'm not supposed to talk to you, you know." We walk together toward the Moscow metro. "After you left yesterday, the department head came in and told the junior faculty that you gave a good class in literature but that you were simply cunning. She called you just another American spy."

"She was right, of course."

"Of course. She also said that since you have a Jewish name, you are undoubtedly a spy for Israel."

"For both Israel and America?"

"Yes. She must think you a very hard worker. And, naturally, all you are here for is to write how badly we treat the Jews."

"How badly do you treat the Jews?"

"They still have trouble keeping jobs. Not long ago they were forbidden to enroll at the university."

"How difficult a position am I putting you in, talking to me?" She angles us down into the metro, heading for Red Square. "Or are you a spy too?"

"Well, yes, but it's rather complicated."

You see, after I make my report on you, then someone will report that I was seen with you, and we'll both be shot."

"How difficult, seriously?"

"If you want the truth, I could lose my teaching post. But I put myself in this position, you didn't. My generation is different from the department head's. Things are different here in general. But don't exaggerate the improvements in your article. The valve that opens can close as well, little by little, so you'd hardly notice."

"And besides," walking up the metro steps into the bright cold morning, "it's Moscow Day! The first such celebration in history. Look at the people out in droves. We'll be doing our 70th anniversary like mad all season. Like your American Constitution celebrations."

"They're going on at home right now."

"But you are here walking around Red Square. You are a clever spy." She looks fondly at a group of acrobats rehearsing and smiles with pleasure.

I ask her, "Younger generation or not, you believe in all this, don't you?"

"Yes, I believe. Communism is a glorious fairy tale." "So is capitalism."

"No. Ours is a better fairy tale, if realized. People learn to rely on one another, to see the world as mutually dependent. And no one goes hungry or homeless."

"And no one reads what he wants to read. And no one travels where he wants to travel, not even in his own country." We stop to watch floats in a parade. On one of the floats the giant figure of a Western capitalist in top hat and morning coat is being beaten back by a handful of noble workers. Tonight the city will explode with fireworks, and the fascinating, grotesque Stalinist buildings that rise like mountains in the city will blaze with color. On the Moscow River, ferry boats will spew light.

"I know that we are often backward, unsophisticated," she says, watching me observe the float. "I know more about the repression than you could ever tell me. In that class you taught, there is a girl whose father lost his job only because the girl fell in love with an American boy when he was over here. But such things are not examples of Communism. They are the perversions of Communism."

"You've been living with the perversions quite a while."

"Quite a while? Seventy years? After 70 years your country was just about ready for a civil war." We glance at each other to lower the steam. "The people in the street notice you. Can you tell?"

"Why? Do I look so different?"

"You walk differently, as if you commanded the streets." In silence we study the old men wearing their



WORKING ON A CLEAN SWEEP

A babushka brigade sets out to maintain the streets of Tbilisi.



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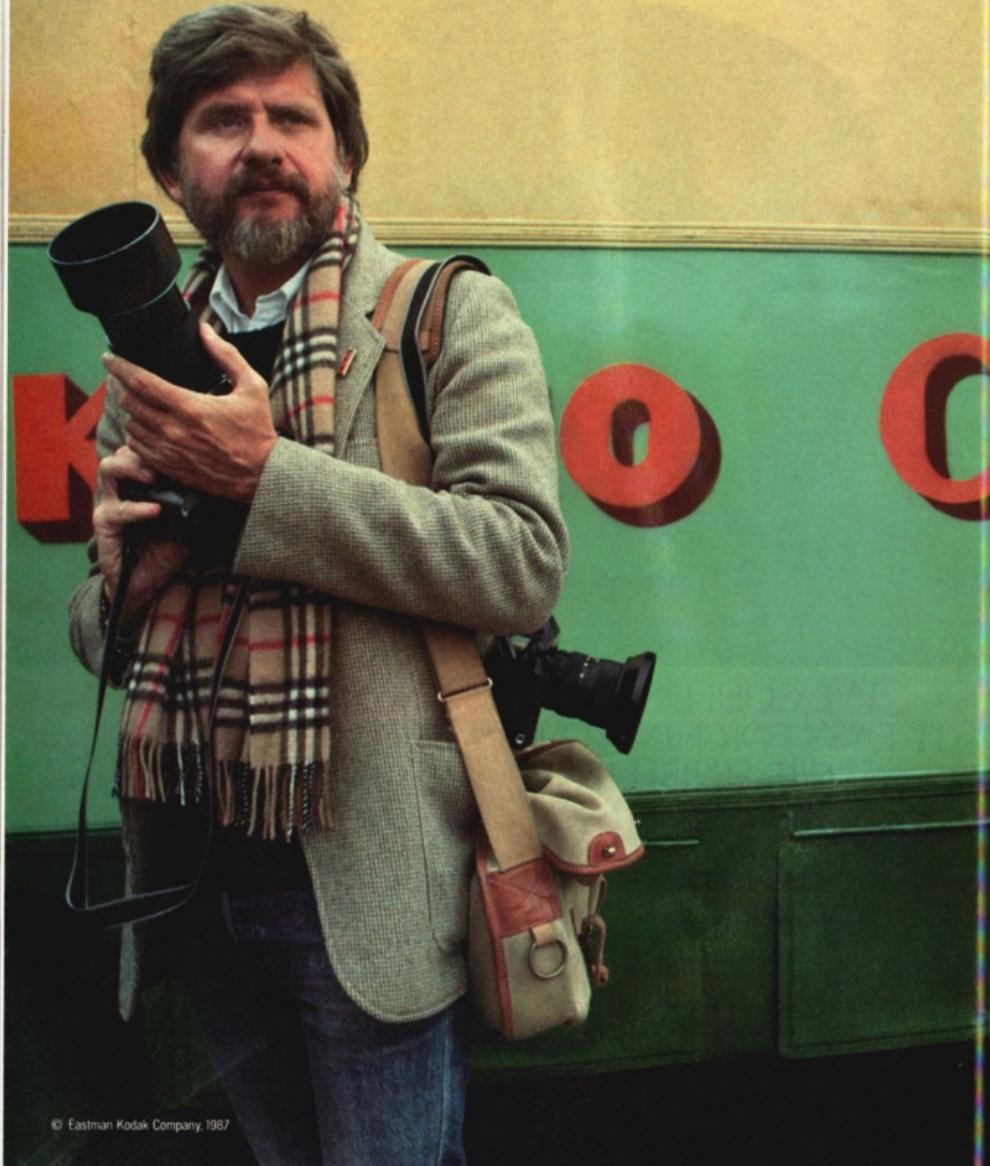
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CAMERA SHY

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war ribbons on their heavy suit jackets; the babushkas, waddling like overloaded wagons, their wheels grinding into the earth. "I know what you do not understand," she says finally. "How it is that we can love and fear our country at the same time."

"Yes. That's exactly what I can't understand."

"Do you remember what you asked the students yesterday? You asked them, 'What is a word?,' getting them to say that every word, even the smallest article, is an idea and that if they concentrated on the word, every word, they would understand every idea. Last night, knowing that I would see you today and that you would ask me questions, I tried to think of a word, the idea of which I could not explain."

"What did you come up with?"

"Home."

The university teacher was right about its being hard for an American to comprehend how Soviet citizens can love the country that makes war against them. And it is not as if the fear the people have of their government is a hidden emotion. The teacher mustered real courage to speak with a forbidden American journalist, but fear rose even to her eyes when, as she entered a hotel for foreigners, a weaselly "doorman" (a probable KGB informant) made her present her passport, in an act of humiliation. In a synagogue in Kiev, one of the officers of the congregation, wearing his war ribbons and acknowledging the presence of an accompanying official, said, "Oh, no, there's no anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Maybe in the 1920s, but not today."

"Then why do tens of thousands of Jews want to leave?"

"Tens of thousands? Never!" He never looked at the official. "Only a handful. And they have relatives in the West. That's the only reason."

In interviews, people on the whole are extremely careful, disguising even the mildest criticisms in generalities so airy as to arouse suspicions that may be darker than the facts. (*Under perestroika*, the abstract "bureaucracy" is the acceptable *bête noire*.) And most interviews arranged for short-time visitors take place in the presence of a journalist-interpreter-companion who, rightly or wrongly, is assumed by those interviewed to be KGB or something close, thus inducing overwhelming courtesies but little else. At a dinner in Tashkent, a family was offered up for inspection in the presence of an official neighborhood leader, who, after answering all the questions on the mummified family's behalf and expressing many nice thoughts about world peace, began, in the amber light, to take on the appearance of a baked Alaska, her existence at once enlarging and melting over the table and onto the floor where the children sat cross-legged and silent.

But at a dinner in Kiev, at the home of Professor Gennadi Matsuka, who heads the Ukraine's Institute of Molecular Biology and Genetics, that mixture of love and fear of the country was fluid and evident. Professor Matsuka, a small man in his late 60s, wears a sad-happy face under a thick brush of gray hair. He directs an institute at the center of Soviet genetic technology, where, along with cancer and botanical research, the Soviet space experiments are shaped and conducted.

He surveyed the table his wife had prepared. "Just a little something," said his wife, a chemist, heavyset, graceful, with the face of a lively girl. "A little something," he murmured. "A little bread, a little soup, a little beef, a little herring, a little tongue and three little cakes." Laughter among the guests, who included a nephew who drives a cab, is a painter on the side and wants to reverse the proportions, and a female neigh-

bor with an ethereal smile who arranges competitions for concert singers. Also present: a Great Dane with a keen interest in the dinner table, and a 40-year-old turtle with a home in one of Professor Matsuka's bedroom slippers. Flowers everywhere. "No, I did not manufacture them," said the geneticist.

The gaiety of the evening flowed naturally from the start, into moments of domestic humor, Matsuka's wife teasing him frequently, into the neighbor's questions about Van Cliburn's career, veering off into a serious discussion of Soviet artists who defected to the West. What did they feel about that? "True loss." What did Professor Matsuka feel about being a geneticist during the Stalin years, when genetics was outlawed as a field of study? He did his research in secret and waited patiently for the time when the country he favored would favor him back.

Fragments of conversations:

"During Stalin we led two lives."

"I still believe there are things we shouldn't know."

"Stalin ruined Communism."

"I was never encouraged to think for myself."

"I was always encouraged to think for myself."

"We could not have had this dinner three years ago."

An evening that touched on the oppressiveness of the government one moment and on the accomplishments of the people another, pointed with politics, smoothed over with laughter, and things in between. "Have you heard this one?" asked the nephew. "Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man; Communism just the opposite." Through all the genuine good feeling, a sense of decorum, and hope. "Now that the windows are open," said Mrs. Matsuka of *perestroika*, "they can never be shut again." All present assented. No stranger could tell whether they also saw the image of a valve opening and closing.

One source of the affection the people hold for their country is, in fact, the very orderliness that has its dark side in suppression. The subway stations in Tashkent may be the most beautiful examples of such structures in the world. One is built high with columns like an Egyptian temple. One is dedicated to an Uzbek poet and his works. One to space exploration and the cosmonauts. All are palatial, clean and safe. What the citizens of Tashkent



DICTATES OF THE PROLETARIAT

At a factory in Minsk, managers take note of employee gripes.

would make of New York City's IRT or the Bernhard Goetz case is beyond imagining. The nation that has given Tashkent Karl Marx Square has also given it civility. For passive personalities, the combination of love and fear creates no deep upheaval.

Yet even for assertive personalities, such as those of Voznesensky and the university teacher, it is clearly possible to function with that mixture of love and fear. In a sense, such people are always banking on the future, that events will allow their fears to dissipate and their love to increase and that Marxism-Leninism minus the gunshots, Marxism-Leninism as pure social and economic justice, as fairy tale come true, will prevail. Americans would find it difficult to wait, but Americans believe that people were destined to live comfortably with their emotions as with all else. Soviet citizens, to the contrary, believe that people are meant to live uncomfortably with their emotions as with all else, and so they do it well.

"How did I know I was an actress? I didn't. I just knew I loved plays. I act in both Russian and Latvian plays. But when I play in Russian, I think in Latvian."

In her dressing room in the Riga theater, Vija Artmane sits serenely like a queen mother, her hands flying like gulls into the air when she wishes to express something forcefully, or into her hair, pure gold. They say the most famous actress in Latvia was even more beautiful as a young woman—"a Marilyn Monroe, I swear it"—but it is hard to imagine her generous, honest face more lovely than it is today. In her mid-50s, she is still a star of plays and movies in the Soviet Union, doing one play tonight while rehearsing another. Her dressing room is small, uncluttered. A poster-size picture of a handsome man in Elizabethan costume fills half a wall. From time to time, an anxious stage manager comes in to alert her to curtain time.

"But I love all playwrights, all the great ones at least, no matter the language. Tennessee Williams, Albee, Arthur Miller—we know American writers pretty well. I myself played in *Night of the Iguana*. It is wonderful to work in plays that represent the world and not a single nation. Do I mean that in English—wonderful? Yes? It is wonderful to see the world; my position allows that. You may not know, I am a member of the Latvian Parliament, so I have a chance to talk peace to the officials who can do

something about it. The theater gives a special kind of power, you know. Like the church."

Another actor sticks his head in the room and reminds her of something and exits. "That was my colleague. He plays Lord Cecil in *Elizabeth the Queen*, the play we are doing tonight. My husband also played Lord Cecil. That is his photograph on the wall. One year he is dead now. A beautiful actor." She stares for a moment. "A truly great actor."

"And still the government thought that the power of the theater was too strong. At least they did before, perhaps no longer. Plays are opening in Moscow now that were suppressed for 50 years, like Bulgakov's *Heart of the Dog*. Wonderful satire. For a long time, no one was allowed to touch Dostoyevsky—Dostoyevsky, imagine! They were afraid of 'wrong' ideas. But a play can have no damaging ideas if society is strong. And society grows strong when it has a chance to see. So trust develops.

Some who would withhold certain plays from the people call it 'guidance,' but any guidance that is forced contradicts the humanistic act." Again the stage manager comes in, and again he is shooed away graciously. "I must go in a minute." She shows no anxiety.

"My favorite speech? In any play?" She is silent, thinking. "I played the heroine in a Russian play call *Blow Wind*." Her voice suddenly falls to a whisper. "I wore a wreath in the forest. A wreath made from my nation's flowers. But they took the wreath from my hair." She gathers her strength, still sitting. "The speech is of great love." She recites in Latvian, requiring no translation, but she translates nonetheless: "When you are taken by force the soul is killed. No one can be taken by force. No one can take by force the person who loves."

"We are needed by our audiences here. They need a friend, and actors give them friends. Besides, everyone is an actor in some way, so we understand each other tacitly. There is no way to play something you do not have within you." She stands, extends her hand. "Now I really have to get ready." She opens her dressing-room door. "I'm afraid I sounded sadder than I intended. I am not a sad person. I like comedy as well as tragedy. Perhaps even more, life being closer to comedy, don't you think? But not a raucous comedy. A wonderful comedy. Do I mean wonderful? No. A comedy full of wonders. That is what I mean. A comedy of wonders."

The need of an audience for art, to which Vija Artmane referred, seems palpable in a country where 14,000 people will fill a stadium for a poetry reading by Voznesensky and other thousands will wait in lines overnight for an opera or a ballet. Lately need has been propelled by curiosity, since the atmosphere of *perestroika* has touched the arts, and films such as *Is It Easy to Be Young?*, which openly discusses the Soviet war in Afghanistan, and the anti-Stalinist *Repentance* draw 5,000 viewers a night. Still, the Soviet citizens' hunger for things beautiful seems abiding and general. In Tbilisi, students at the most prestigious Georgian theater school speak of the satisfactions of performing in so appreciative a country.

But the people's hunger for beautiful events or moments ought not to suggest that their ordinary lives are unbeautiful. It is only that the day-to-day beauty of the life is self-obscuring, like so much else. The beauty of Russian humor, for instance, is often hidden in hardship. At a hotel in Kiev, I sought to pay my bill, a split-second transaction in America and one that in the Soviet Union can fill an hour or more, depending on the availability of carbon paper, calculators, dollars, rubles or clerks. In the Kiev hotel the clerk was missing, and her assistant, after



ANYA IN WONDERLAND

A half-built housing complex near Kiev becomes a playground.

much desperate searching, gamely tried her English. "Would you mind," she asked, "coming back in 15 years?" We only laughed as hard as we did because of the dark truth in the error.

"You see, my friend, *this* is the difference between your country and mine!" On a flight from Moscow to Tashkent, an enormous man beside me has just surveyed the chicken breast and the pickle that have spilled onto his mountainous vest. The spilling has occurred because the seats on the Aeroflot plane are too close together, the food platform is too small for the tray, the tray's compartments are too small for the food, the cellophane wrappings of which are a struggle to remove, thus initiating the path of the food to the vest. "In your country," my companion explained, "airplane food is unrecognizable as food, whereas a Russian chicken is in fact a chicken, a Russian pickle a pickle. But the American tray is perfectly designed, and the seats are adequately arranged. The choice then!" He watches wanly as the pickle rolls off his vest onto the floor and away forever. "Either one is presented with an inedible meal that is easy to eat, or a delicious meal that spills in your lap."

On another Aeroflot flight from Tbilisi to Moscow, ice great slabs of it, formed around the baggage racks. After the passengers had huddled for over an hour as if in a snowdrift, the plane's heating mechanism finally took hold, thus causing a torrent of water from above. Everyone was soaked except a woman who calmly opened her umbrella. She had come prepared for the rains.

This acceptance of day-to-day disasters makes laughter not only useful and necessary but sublime, even if the sublimity takes its form in faces turned prematurely old with weariness and the anticipation of disappointment and failure. Such weariness is more visible in Moscow than in Samarkand, more in the cities than in the villages, but it exists everywhere and is enabling. In Leningrad there are 24 Rembrandts in the Hermitage, but there are many more Rembrandts in the streets. Within the gruffness and the frequent grimness of the people resides a startling innocence. In a café in Leningrad, an over-the-hill singer, hair dyed blue-black, huge green flowers splattered on her vast black dress, suffered through repertoire of old familiar songs, the voice quavering melodramatically, the breasts heaving like bread dough, the hands crossed on her bosom. She looked a scream. Until two pink-faced soldiers barely in their 20s entered the cafe and sat. They were transfixed by the singer, the music. Suddenly the whole room was transfixed.

If such scenes constitute the beauty of acceptance, others, like Vija Artmane speaking up for the power of free words, constitute the beauty of rejection and rebellion. Raised hopes are the talk of every Soviet town in the *glasnost* season, but one senses from the patience of people like the geneticist Matsuka that in some citizens at least hopes were always alert to the possibility of being raised. Religions in the Soviet Union breathe freer now that the government has rather cleverly allowed official atheism to transmute into the more dignified idea of the separation of church and state. Close your ears to the Ukrainian language at an evangelical Baptist service in Kiev, and you might as well be in a Dallas suburb. The choir sang lustily *If I Had the Wings of a Dove*.

Americans wonder or enjoy wondering if Soviet citizens can possibly be happy within their system. Obviously Soviets can be happy and are, but most probably would reject the standard of happiness as impertinent. Perhaps three of the perceived characteristics of the country—the presence of the past, the tension between the individual and the state, the simultaneous love and fear of the gov-

ernment—work in concert to produce the fourth characteristic: a sense that in life grief flows continuously in and out of happiness, and happiness in and out of grief. Americans, who on the whole have led charmed lives, have a hard time accepting that grief is anything but an aberration, but not so Soviets. For a visitor of 30 days, or perhaps even of 30 years, the recurrent mystery is how a nation founded in an illusion, just as ours was, can seem to function so steadily without illusions, how at the same time they dream and do not dream.

Of Leningrad's great Nevsky Prospekt a hundred years ago, Gogol exclaimed, "Everything you meet on the Nevsky Prospekt is brimming over with propriety: the men in long jackets with their hands in their pockets; the ladies in pink, white or pale blue satin coats and stylish hats!" The street is different now: much of the clothing unfashionable, the heads of both men and women hung down or resolutely held aloft. On afternoons darkening into evenings, the crowd shuttles back and forth like bureau drawers, as if the entire boulevard were a convention of lines, moving in the various directed quests all at once, growing darker as the day does, in the mass.

On one such afternoon a girl of 19 or so sits posing for a street artist in the doorway of a former church. From the distance in her eyes she could be looking at America instead of a fixed point on the Nevsky Prospekt. In her hands roll two plums, which she strokes as if they were a cat. The street artist hunches over like a tailor, trying to get the eyes right, an assertion of concentration over ability. But the girl's life is as yet undeclared. Her look shifts continually out of her control, now to a teenager fearing a math exam, now to an anxious mother, now to a widow, now to a woman who has just made love and wonders where the act went.

At last the street artist finishes; he has sketched the girl wilder than she actually appears. As she pays him, she barely glances at his work; she will study herself at home in private. The street artist, having employed his little skill, his journalistic skill, pockets his rubles and awaits new customers. The girl rolls her sketch carefully under her arm and joins the crowds on Nevsky Prospekt, disappearing part by part among the overcoats until at last she steps down into an underpass that swallows whole all who enter. ■



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Subterranean tunnels offer shortcuts through Leningrad.

Staying Home Is Paying Off

Technology sparks the spread of residential offices

Like many of their competitors in the computer industry, Robin and Tom Bennett sometimes work 18 hours a day. But when the 30-year-old founders of Polar Engineering, a custom software firm, step outside the office, they do not have to contend with jostling lunch crowds or bumper-to-bumper commutes. Instead, the married couple can take quiet strolls through 25 acres of birch and spruce forest. Reason: their office is in their three-bedroom, 3,500-sq.-ft. home on Alaska's remote Kenai peninsula. The nearest neighbor lives half a mile away, and now and then a moose wanders into the yard. "There are days when I wish I had someone to talk to," says Robin, who along with Tom spent eight years working in California's bustling Silicon Valley after they graduated from Stanford University. "But every time I look out the window, I'm glad I live here. We enjoy working at home."

So do a sharply rising number of American professionals. In all kinds of settings across the U.S., from country houses to suburban high-rise apartments, more and more people need only take a few steps from their breakfast tables to their desks to start a day's work. Of course, working at home for pay has been around for as long as women have taken up knitting, doctors have put up shingles on their houses and writers have set up typewriters in their dens. But the advent of personal computers and other advanced technology has vastly expanded the range of occupations that can be successfully pursued in studies or basements. The swelling ranks of stay-at-homers include management consultants, stockbrokers, newsletter publishers, advertising directors, energy engineers, urban planners and graphic designers. The number of home professionals, which now totals 9 million, according to the Manhattan-based Link Resources research firm, has been growing at a rate of more than 15% a year and is expected to hit 13 million by 1990, or 11.4% of the U.S. work force.

About 90% of home professionals are entrepreneurs who have started their own businesses or work for larger companies

on a contract basis. The fastest-growing category, however, is that of the so-called telecommuter—a homebound but salaried worker on a corporate payroll. The rise of telecommuting has been predicted by futurists ever since home computers appeared a decade ago, but the phenomenon is only now beginning to catch on. Since 1982 the number of corporate employees working at home has ballooned from 20,000 to 600,000, according to the Los Angeles-based Center for Futures Research. Link claims that the roster of major companies that offer telecommuting has expanded from 200 to 350 since 1984. Among them: American Express, Johnson & Johnson, J.C. Penney, Blue Cross/Blue Shield and IBM.

Many of the new telecommuters and home entrepreneurs are women who want to spend more time with their children. Typical is Bonnie Figgatt, 38, of Madison, Conn., who works at home as a planning manager for the Travelers Cos., the corporate parent of the insurance and financial-services firm. Even though she must drive her 18-month-old son Thomas to a nearby baby-sitter every workday, Figgatt has more time for him in the morning and evening because she no longer has to commute 35 miles each way to company headquarters in Hartford. She finds her new life comparatively relaxing: "I don't miss the daily rat race, the endless meetings, the constant distractions at the office."

Among the millions of home entrepreneurs are many former managers who were laid off by corporations in the recent wave of cost cutting. Drake Beam Morin, the largest U.S. firm devoted to helping laid-off employees, estimates that during the past four years as many as 1.2 million middle- and upper-level managers have lost their jobs. Those who subsequently launch their own businesses often find it cheaper to use their homes, at least at first, rather than rent office space.

The proliferation of home offices would not have been possible without the electronic revolution. By using computers linked by telephone lines, home professionals can rapidly exchange information



with bosses or clients. Whatever appears on the computer screen, from reports and statistics to maps and charts, can be transferred to paper through the use of compact printers. Copies of documents can be electronically transmitted over telephone lines by facsimile machines. Jeffry Gardner, 44, who operates an advertising agency out of his split-level home in Centerport, N.Y., has an array of gadgetry, including a personal computer, a video camera and a facsimile machine. Says he: "I can't imagine how I could run this business from home without technology. It has liberated us from the constraints of the office." That liberation comes at a price: start-up costs for a home office can reach \$2,000 for furnishings and supplies. A



In Alaska, top, Robin Bennett works in the living room while Tom toils in the den; Desktop Publisher Brabec, left, in her Illinois home; Gardner, with beard, consults an artist

computer costs an additional \$1,500 or more, a personal copier around \$400.

The residential-office boom has created enormous profit opportunities for the makers of office machines and supplies. Last year home professionals bought \$15 billion worth of equipment, up 15% from the year before. They spent \$7.6 billion for telephone equipment and services, \$3.2 billion for computers, \$3.1 billion for other electronic gear, such as copiers and cassette recorders, and \$110 million for pieces of furniture, including file cabinets, swivel chairs and desks. Many companies are zeroing in on this market. Canon, for example, has advertised its personal copiers extensively on TV. AT&T, which makes 66% of its two-line telephone sales to home pro-

fessionals, is now conducting its second survey of the market.

People who work at home report several advantages. Bonnie Figgatt estimates that she saves at least \$2,000 a year by not having to drive to work, go out to lunch as often, buy as many dressy clothes or run up her cleaning bills. Other pleasures are more personal than financial. "It's a lovely thing to be sitting there, with no makeup on, coffee cup in one hand, closing a deal on the phone," says Beverly Neuer Feldman, 60, a Los Angeles writer who has given seminars and taught college classes about the art and craft of working at home.

In suburban Chicago, Entrepreneur Barbara Brabec notes that she likes the

independence that home businesses can provide. "I could never work for anyone else," she says. Originally a craftsman, Brabec now runs a busy desktop publishing operation out of her home, using a computer, of course. She has written four books about home business and publishes the quarterly newsletter *National Home Business Report* (circ. 3,000).

Working at home, however, is hardly problem free. People often miss the intellectual stimulation and socializing that occur in office settings. Many report that they have trouble sticking to the business at hand, especially when no one is around to see them cheat by taking a nap or turning on the TV set.

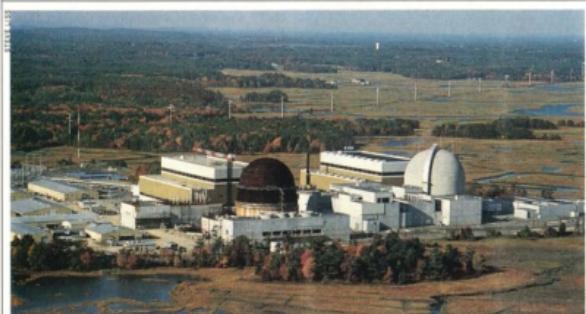
Some telecommuters fear they will be passed over for promotions because they never see their bosses. Managers who can no longer look over employees' shoulders worry about losing control over their work. Several firms, including Travelers and Mountain Bell telephone company in Denver, have decided to give managers special training courses before putting them in charge of telecommuting workers. For one thing, bosses need to learn how to measure actual results rather than visible activity.

In some cases telecommuting may benefit companies more than the workers. Karen Nussbaum, executive director of 9 to 5, National Association of Working Women, claims that many women telecommuters are working unreasonably long hours without overtime pay, doing computerized piecework in what she calls "electronic sweatshops." One of the most troubled telecommuting programs was set up by California-Western States Life Insurance in Sacramento. Eight women, all veteran Cal-West claims processors, sued the firm, asking for \$1 million in punitive damages. Among their complaints, the women contended that Cal-West pressured them into working as much as 16 hours a day at home and misrepresented the working arrangements. Cal-West denies the charges.

At many other companies, however, telecommuting seems to please both labor and management. Mountain Bell claims that its telecommuters are 35% to 40% more productive than in-office counterparts. Says William Benham, chairman of the company's telecommuting division: "Employees who work at home develop independent work habits. They learn to set goals." He predicts that by 1995 one-third of the 69,000-member work force at Mountain Bell's parent company, U S West, will be telecommuting.

As that trend spreads to other companies and the legions of home entrepreneurs keep growing, the impact is only beginning to be felt. Traditional workplaces are not going to disappear, but more and more professionals will have a choice: the camaraderie of gathering around the office coffee machine or the freedom of working at home.

—By Janice Castro
Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and James Willwerth/Los Angeles



New Hampshire's \$5.5 billion reactor: not a kilowatt of power, not a penny of income

"We Are in a Heap of Trouble"

Seabrook may be the first nuclear plant to bankrupt a utility

Like a giant vessel left ashore by the tide, the Seabrook nuclear power plant sits forlornly on the marshy New Hampshire coastline. The reactor has produced not a single kilowatt of electricity—not a penny of income—since ground was broken for the project in 1976. Result: Seabrook is generating a financial disaster for its principal owner, Public Service of New Hampshire, an otherwise healthy electric utility that has poured \$2.1 billion into the plant. Strapped for cash, Public Service last week did something that utilities virtually never do: it defaulted. The company deliberately missed a \$37.5 million semi-annual interest payment on nearly a third of its \$1.5 billion debt. Not since the Great Depression had a major investor-owned utility failed to meet its bond commitments. "We are in a heap of trouble," admits Robert Harrison, Public Service's president.

The utility has a 30-day grace period, which ends in mid-November, to correct its default. If it fails to do so, creditors could push Public Service into bankruptcy and reorganization. The company would then become the first U.S. utility to succumb financially to the nuclear-plant cost overruns and environmental battles that have plagued dozens of plants across the country. Even the \$2.25 billion default of the Washington Public Power Supply System in 1983 failed to knock out any utilities, largely because WPPSS was a consortium in which the financial burden was shared by 16 companies. But the weight of Seabrook falls hard on Public Service, which owns 35.6% of the plant and is prohibited under New Hampshire law from charging customers for the inoperative plant. The next biggest owner is Connecticut's United Illuminating, with 17.5%.

The Seabrook project has been troubled from the day its plans were announced in 1972. The plant was originally

budgeted at \$973 million and scheduled to operate by 1979, but Seabrook's cost has reached \$5.5 billion, and the opening has been repeatedly postponed because of construction delays and environmental protests. Seabrook came within a few months of being started up last year, when it suffered another setback: Chernobyl. The meltdown at the Soviet nuclear plant in April 1986 prompted Democratic Governor Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts to block the opening by refusing to participate in an evacuation plan for the area within a ten-mile radius of the plant. Last week, however, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's staff recommended a controversial change in federal rules that would allow such plants to proceed over the objections of neighboring officials.

That will bring no immediate help for Public Service, which is battling with dissident creditors over rescue plans. A group of bond owners (estimated holdings: \$200 million) led by New York City Investor Martin Whitman is proposing to spin off Public Service's share in Seabrook into a separate company, thus leaving the utility less encumbered by debt. Losing Seabrook, however, is anathema to the utility, which still hopes to reap the hefty return that an operating nuclear plant can deliver. Public Service's Harrison proposes to restructure the debt, slash the utility's costs and raise electric rates by 15%. Rather than adopt the dissident plan as it stands now, Harrison claims, he would accept bankruptcy. Under court protection, he says, the utility might be able to carry out its own rescue strategy and keep its stake in Seabrook.

But the utility's rate-hike plan, which may not gain approval from state regulators, is unlikely to win Seabrook any new friends. The proposal would give Public Service the highest residential electricity rates among the 20 utility companies in New England. —By Joelle Attinger/Boston

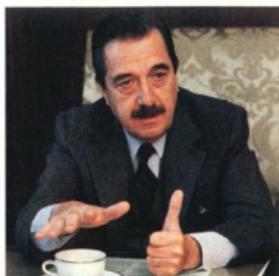
Familiar Tune

Argentina talks about austerity

President Raúl Alfonsín was determined to be convincing. "A time bomb," he declared, "is planted in the middle of Argentine society." In a 30-minute television address last week, Alfonsín resorted to such dire imagery to convey a sense of emergency and justify a drastic new austerity program. To cure the country's economic ills—runaway inflation of more than 100% so far this year, a foreign-debt burden of \$55 billion and a current budget deficit of \$5.6 billion—the President offered a radical prescription: wage-price freezes, tax increases for middle- and upper-income earners and a currency devaluation of 11.8% to boost export sales. While foreign creditors generally welcomed the plan, the applause was perfunctory, since so many Argentine austerity campaigns have come and gone with few lasting results.

Alfonsín's intentions were as much political as economic. His government was shaken last month by the resounding defeat of his Radical Civic Union Party in midterm elections. The vote, which was viewed as a referendum on the administration's handling of the economy, left Alfonsín without a majority in Congress. After consultations with the opposition Peronist party, Alfonsín promised a 75% increase in the minimum wage, to \$87 a month, even as he froze all other wages.

In his speech, Alfonsín skirted many problems. He outlined no fresh measures to reduce government expenditures or privatize any of the state's 520 deficit-ridden companies. Although Argentina has been conciliatory to creditors, foreign bankers have been especially leery of debtor nations ever since February, when Brazil stopped paying interest on a large part of its \$110 billion debt. That helped lead several U.S. banks to declare record losses. Since a similar default by Argentina would add to the bankers' mounting woes, they are as eager for Alfonsín's new program to work as the President is. ■



Alfonsín: a President under pressure

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PATENTS

Too Close For Corning

Despite their reputation for invincibility, Japanese companies do not win every competitive battle they enter. After five years of effort, Sumitomo Electric Industries has captured only 1% of the U.S. market for optical fibers, the hair-thin glass strands used in high-capacity telecommunications. Now even that meager market share is endangered.

Last week a U.S. district court in Manhattan ruled that Sumitomo violated U.S. patent law by copying too closely the designs of products made by Corning Glass Works, the company that developed the first commercially useful communications fibers in 1970. The court enjoined Sumitomo from making and selling in the U.S. any more fibers based on Corning's designs, and will award financial damages to the American company within a few weeks. Sumitomo says it is considering an appeal.

NEW PRODUCTS

My, What Ugly Mugs!

What could be homelier than Cabbage Patch dolls but just as ripe for adoption? Answer: the pumpkin-patch crew. The hot-

test novelty craze is a crop of leering foam pumpkin heads called the OH Lantern family. More than 1 million of the ugly mugs have been sold for as much as \$17 apiece only two months after their debut. The OH Lanterns, whose seedy pasts are described on their packages, include Father Jack, Mother Jody and their unsavory kinfolk.

The pumpkins are the creation of Todd Masters, 27, a Hollywood slime-and-ooze specialist who learned the trade while working on such films as *Poltergeist II* and *Predator*. Says Masters, who has eavesdropped on shoppers as they pick his pumpkins: "They usually compare them to someone they know."

TRAVEL

An American? Not Me

At first glance, the passport looks richly authentic. Its burgundy, textured-vinyl cover is stamped with gold lettering that reads, PASSPORT, REPUBLIC OF CEYLON. Trouble is, Ceylon is now Sri Lanka and the passport is a fake. Or, to use the euphemism favored by Creator Donna Walker, a 49-year-old former travel agent, "It's not counterfeit; it's camouflage."

Walker began minting the false documents earlier this year, prompted by hostage-taking incidents in which terrorists

singled out tourists and military personnel who carried American passports. Her clientele can choose citizenship from eight nonexistent nations, including one named after an element on the periodic table. Walker keeps the names secret, using the Ceylon passport only as an example. She claims to have sold 350 of the passports already, 100 of them to U.S. Government officials and an additional 120 to military personnel. Price: \$135 to civilians, \$95 to armed forces members.

Walker is fairly certain that her products are legal. The Justice Department maintains that no particular law bans carrying such documents. Walker's rival in the passport business, the State Department, professes no objection to U.S. citizens holding the bogus papers—as long as they present their genuine passports when they enter or leave the country.

PACKAGING

Taking Offense At Breakfast

The artwork on the cereal box was meant to entertain breakfast eaters, but it wound up appalling some of them instead. A new package for General Mills' Count Chocula breakfast cereal features a rendering of Bela Lugosi from the 1931 film *Dracula*. Around the vampire's neck hangs a pendant that resembles a six-

pointed Star of David, the symbol of Judaism. When the boxes first appeared in stores last month, offended shoppers complained to the Minneapolis-based company. After the Cleveland *Jewish News* (circ. 15,000) picked up the story, General Mills agreed to change the box cover to a design without the pendant. The offending package had gone through routine approvals, corporate officials explained, but no one at General Mills or its ad agency, Saatchi & Saatchi Compton, had noticed the Star of David look-alike.

MARKETING

Mini-Ads, Maxi-Revenue

After billboards, bus shelters and blimps, advertisements are now spreading to home-video rental boxes. Two companies, Calgary-based ADCorp and the Video Ad Network of Grand Rapids, have begun selling space on the plastic covers that encase videocassettes to dozens of advertisers, including McDonald's, Pizza Hut and the Bank of America. Nearly 35,000 U.S. video stores have signed up to carry the ad-decked cases. With good reason, Video Ad Network President Scott Johnson claims that a retailer who sells space on 2,000 tape cases could garner \$16,000 or more a year in ad revenues.

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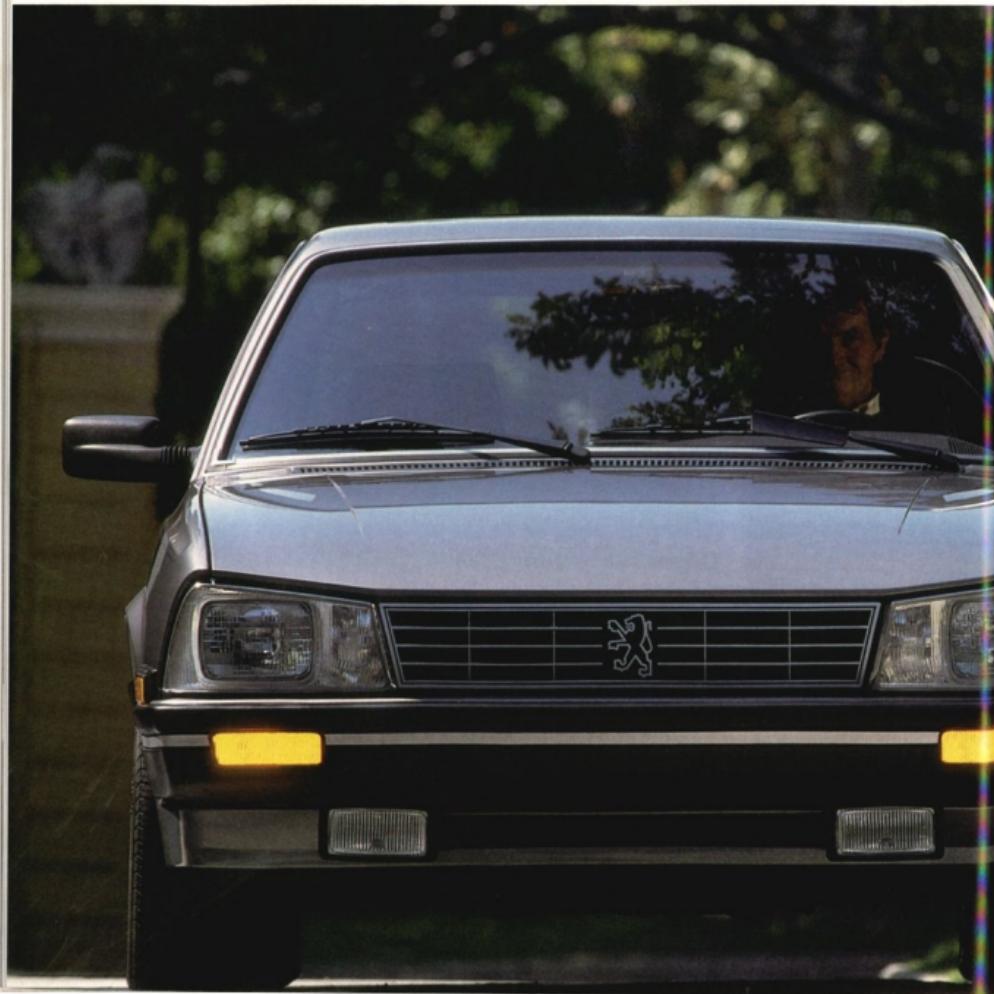
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Peugeot 505 STX shown with
available leather interior.
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If you're on the verge of buying the European performance sedan you've always wanted, we'd like to offer you some information we think you'll find eye-opening.

Recently, *Ward's Auto World*, one of the most respected analysts in the automotive industry, conducted its twelfth annual vehicle evaluation.

This year, 53 new cars were tested. They were evaluated over a four month period in routine daily driving. Each was then awarded a value of 1 to 10 in a variety of areas.

Of the 13 cars tested in the luxury sedan/GT category, (which included such venerable competition as the Volvo 760 GLE, BMW 635 M6, and Mercedes 190 2.6), only one European sedan received a perfect 10 in the critical areas of "engine", "ride" and "brakes". The Peugeot 505 STX.

To quote *Ward's*, "Peugeot perfects a world-class performance sedan in the 505 STX ... Acceleration, handling and antilock braking (ABS) were near perfect...."

And *Ward's* wasn't the only one to compile impressive statistics on the STX.

During a *Road & Track* test, it earned "9 and 10 ratings from a number of drivers... acceleration, torque and general engine flexibility all received high marks."

So before you decide on any European sedan, call 1-800-447-2882 for the name of the Peugeot dealer nearest you to test drive the Peugeot 505 STX. You may just find that the car you really want is not the one you've always wanted.



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Just a Few Minutes of Bliss

LEAVING HOME by Garrison Keillor; Viking; 244 pages; \$18.95

Dear Gary,

You'll be glad to know that it has been a quiet week in Lake Wobegon, even though quite a few copies of *Leaving Home* are circulating there. Mavis and I drove up last weekend to see how her Mom's doing after the gallbladder operation. Most everybody was talking about your book (except the Norwegian bachelor farmers, who were not to be diverted from their predictions of a dire winter to come). They had all heard these stories when you told them on *A Prairie Home Companion*. But radio evanesces. Print is history. It's like going to church: you worry how you look coming in the door.

At the Chatterbox, where we stopped in for the usual (mushroom soup and a cheese sandwich), we found a lively moral-literary debate in progress. There was a school of thought, led by Carl Krebsbach, holding it was wrong the way you "build things up." It was perfectly true he had to miss the homecoming parade the time his daughter Carla was elected queen because he was digging up his parents' old septic tank and transporting it to the town dump. But, he said, it was just a . . . well, prevarication to say that hauling his load of "thirty years of family history" (nice phrase), he made a wrong turn and ran smack-dab into the National Guard tank that was Carla's float in the parade.

"Ya, sure, Carl," somebody said. "But I thought I saw you right around the corner there on McKinley when the tank came by. Or maybe smelled you, it was." Everybody laughed, and Judy Ingqvist, Pastor Dave's wife, spoke up. "It's called dramatic license. You improve on reality a little bit, in order to make a point. Like the parables in the Bible." There was an uncomfortable silence after that. Sounded like more of Dave's gosh-darn liberal doctrine to them. The Bible as literature is not a concept that has made much headway around here.

Later I dropped by the Sidetrack Tap and fell into another kind of discussion. Wally, the proprietor, was arguing that your books are good for the old home town: "Put us on the map, after all these years," he said. "That's all well and good," Daryl Tollerud replied, "but when they read the map, what are people gonna think?" Daryl had to admit that story you told on him—about the time he let the skunk into his

parents' bedroom—was pretty funny, but he didn't like you "writing up" what he was doing there, 42 years old and going through papers in their bureau drawers, like some stupid kid, trying to find out the deepest, darkest of all Midwestern secrets, which is what kind of money they make.

I must have laughed, because they all glared at me. But later, walking home in the almost dark, with the sweet-sharp

smell of burning leaves in the air, I got to thinking what a hard job you've taken on. "My people aren't paradise people," you say. You imagine them arriving in heaven and somebody saying "No, thank you, we can't stay for eternity, we'll just sit and have a few minutes of bliss with you and then we have to get back."

That's our thing, isn't it? Denial—of pleasure, of all the stronger emotions. But of course they are there, and I admire the patient way you dig them out of our frozen soil. Dale Uecker flunking his algebra final his senior year and bravely tasting the glories of humiliation ("Tests and graduation don't matter because now I know . . . that the important thing is life itself") and being pulled back from the brink by good gray Mr. Dentley giving him a C ("Basically you understand the material"). David Tollefson and Agnes Hedder breaking up their marriages and running off together to Washington State and, years later, David's daughter-in-law making sure her husband does not burn the poem that won Agnes' heart ("A love so true sings out to me . . .") along with the rest of the papers he inherited from the dad he'll never learn to forgive. Your shy Aunt Myrna enduring the Bake-Off at the state fair, with all those people watching and Joey Chitwood's Thrill Show roaring around her. She managed to talk the judge out of giving her chocolate cake the prize it deserved ("I don't know . . . This isn't very good at all. It's gummy"), but still rose to her moment: "Oh, I'm glad it's over. But it was fun. I was so scared. And then I just forgot to be."

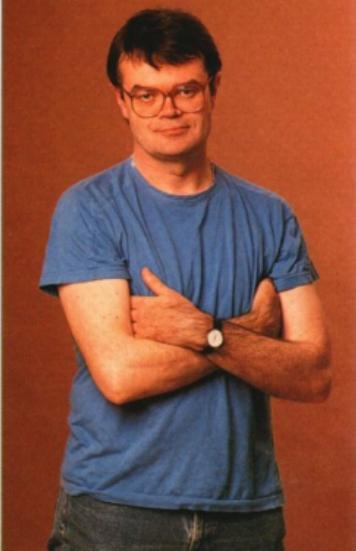
Humble as these moments are, they are our epiphanies. They deliver us belatedly from the cruel satirical embrace of Sinclair Lewis, the last Minnesota author anyone paid attention to, and, perhaps, restore to us our humanity. Hard to fly over us uncomprehendingly after you have read Garrison Keillor. Epiphanies? Did I really use that word? I'm glad I didn't speak up at the Sidetrack. I might've tried to use it conversationally. "Cheese, Rollie, you been down there in the Cities too long," somebody would certainly have said.

Maybe the last word should belong to Mavis' mom. When I got back I found her reading *Leaving Home*. She looked up and shook her head. "That Gary," she said. "Didn't I always say he was above average?" She smiled. Maybe it was the kind you describe in the book, "the smile she has used all her life on people she'd like to slap silly." But I thought it was more genuine than that.

Your old pal,
Rollie Hogebohm
—By Richard Schickel

Excerpt

“This is my last view of [the residents of Lake Wobegon] for a while. If you see them before I do, say hello from me and give them my love. For now I'll remember them as they are this moment . . . sitting with each other and listening to a summer rain that may yet save the crops. And the river may rise so that you and I can push our lovely rafts from shore and be lifted up over the rocks and at last see what is down there around the big bend . . .



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Books

Misanthrope

WOMAN IN THE MISTS
by Farley Mowat
Warner; 380 pages; \$19.95

On Dec. 27, 1985, a Swahili cry went up in the mountains of Central Africa: "Dian kufa!" Dian is dead. The victim of the slaying was American Anthropologist Dian Fossey, 53, author of the 1983 best seller about her work, *Gorillas in the Mist*. No one has ever been punished for the machete murder—a ghastly end for a gentle soul.

Or was she? Farley Mowat, a maverick Canadian with his own obsessions about endangered wildlife (*Never Cry Wolf: A Whale for the Killing*) has an even greater concern for the truth: he ransacks the victim's diaries, analyzes her work and interviews some hostile associates who believe "she got what she wanted"; "She mistreated everyone around her and finally was done in." A strange figure begins to emerge from the mists. From childhood on, Mowat observes, the coltish, willful Californian was beset with resentments toward the father who deserted his family when she was six.



Fossey

Spiritually restless, she converted to Roman Catholicism, then abandoned the faith. Her social relations were equally unstable. She was involved in many liaisons and underwent an abortion, but no man held her interest for long. Fossey's career was given the best possible start when Paleontologist Louis Leakey signed her on as his research assistant, yet she was never fully confident of her talent or those around her. In the field or at home, professional and sexual jealousies continued to mar her career.

Occasionally she would make intense declarations of affection, but from the moment she stepped into the jungle, simians were her only true loves.

Mowat is scrupulously fair: he shows his subject antagonizing co-workers as she lurches from tantrum to euphoria and back again, but he praises her meticulous observations of animal life and her unceasing struggles with poachers and politics as she fights to save the mountain gorillas from extinction. Her Africa is not the ordered master-and-servant backdrop of Isak Dinesen's tales. Three French visitors make a wrong turn on a back road and get fatally detained by Congolese troops. Fossey angrily tells her family, "They were reportedly tortured

... hung on racks, finally eaten. The Congo can't be covered by the press, like Vietnam, thus no one knows what really happens." But Fossey knew and pressed on. The stubbornness killed her. Broken in health, stalked by resentful poachers, distrusted by colleagues and local officials, she sensed that she was doomed but could not turn back. Sifting the circumstantial evidence surrounding her death, Mowat finally makes some convincing accusations of government-sponsored assassins. But he concedes, sadly, that Fossey's misanthropy made her an accessory to the crime. "I feel more comfortable with gorillas than people," she once admitted. "I can anticipate what a gorilla's going to do."

—By Stefan Kanfer

Academic Blight

THE NEW HISTORY AND THE OLD

by Gertrude Himmelfarb
Harvard University; 209 pages; \$20

Gertrude Himmelfarb recalls meeting a young historian who described his work as being on the "cutting edge of the discipline." He was writing one of those infinitely detailed studies of the inhabitants of a New England town in the late 18th century, their working conditions, their attitudes, their sex lives. Himmel-

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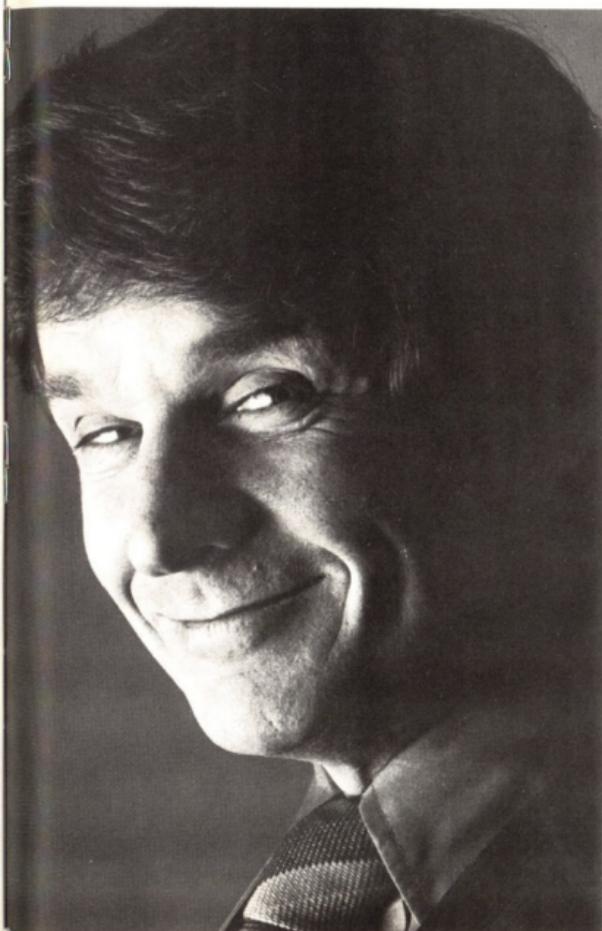
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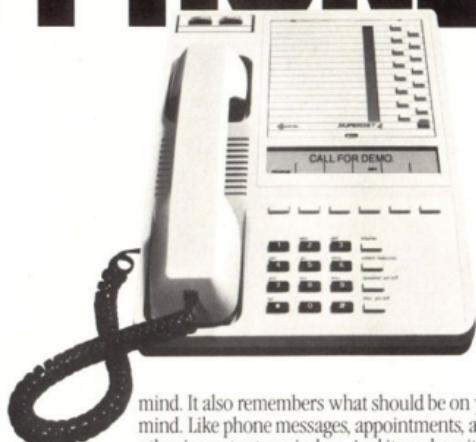
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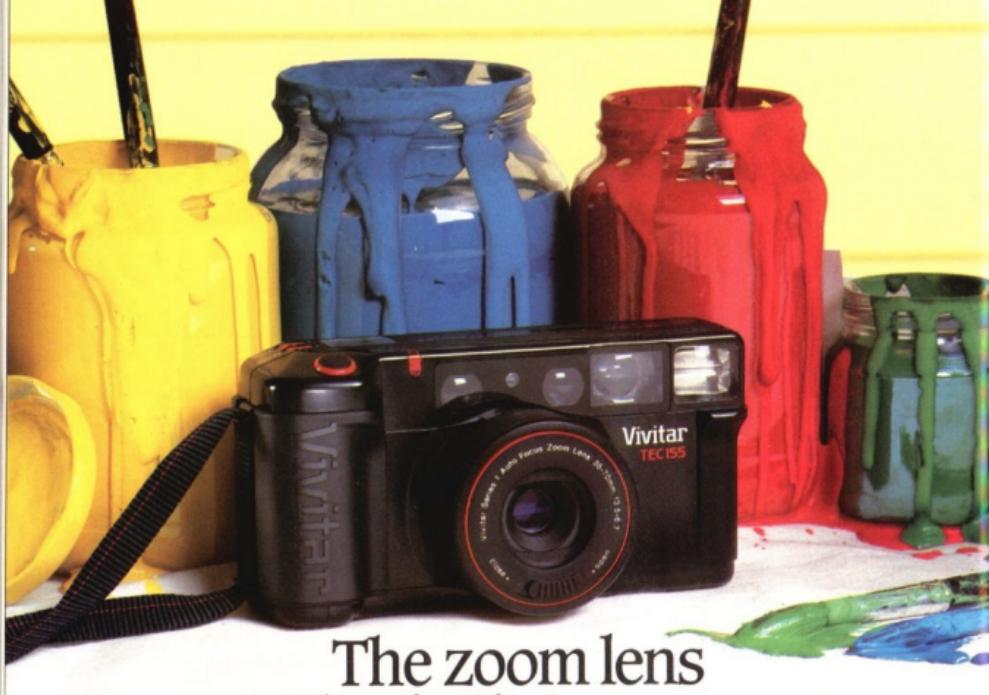
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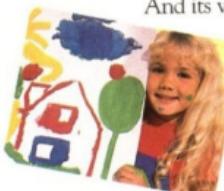
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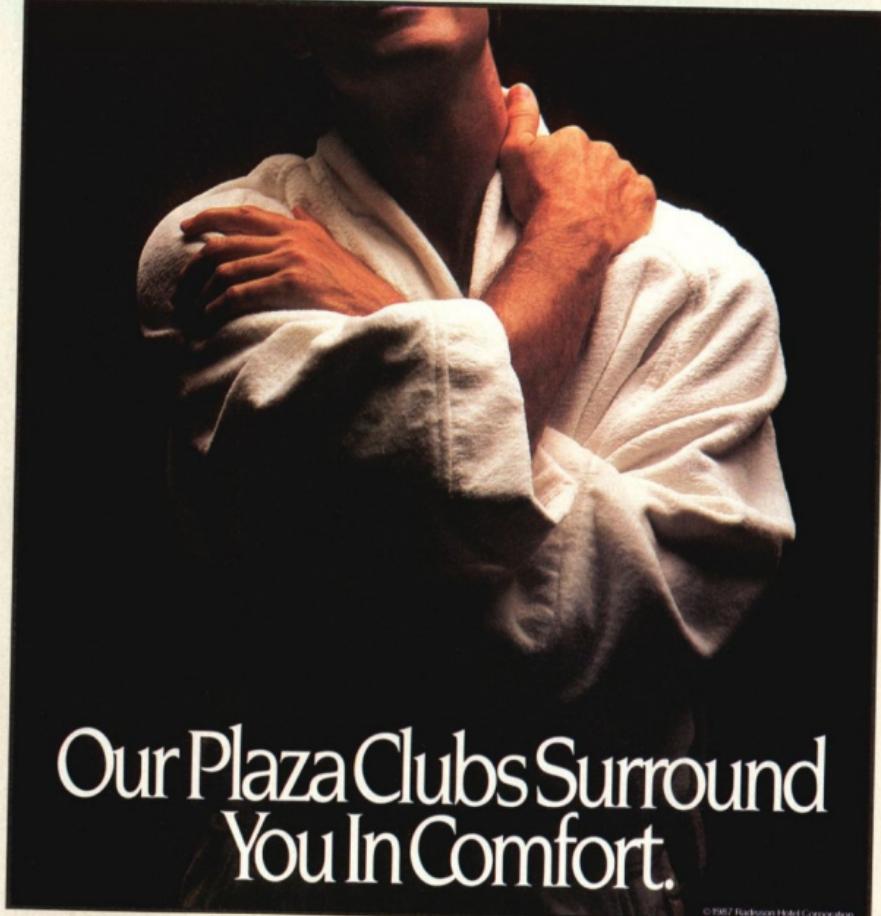
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farb asked how he connected his work to the major event of that period, the creation of the U.S. "He conceded," she writes, "that from his themes and sources—parish registers, tax rolls, census reports, legal records, polling lists, land titles—he could not 'get to,' as he said, the founding of the United States. But he denied that this was the crucial event I took it to be. What was crucial were the lives and experiences of the mass of the people. That was the subject of his history; it was the 'new history,' social history."

Some cutting edge! Some discipline!

There are actually few things less new than the "new history." Its arrival was announced at least as far back as 1912, by James Harvey Robinson, who declared that "trifling details" of dynastic wars must be displaced by the chronicle of the "common man," and that such chronicles should rely on the discoveries of "anthropologists, economists, psychologists, and sociologists." This arguable proposition has increasingly become the conventional wisdom of academia, taught in all the better universities to young armies of new historians, who dismiss most of the traditions of political and cultural history as elitist, impressionistic and irrelevant. History as a narrative study of great men and great events? Obsolete. History as a branch of literature? Absurd.

But not to Himmelfarb, a conservative-minded professor at the City University of New York, who specializes in 19th century history (*Marriage and Morals Among the Victorians*). Her sonorous scorn for the excesses and rigidities of the new history might win the approval of the ghost of Carlyle. She loathes the idea that social history should base itself on a substructure of material detail "that supposedly goes deeper than mere political arrangements and is not amenable to reason." Worse, anthropological history explores "such nonrational aspects of society as mating customs and eating habits"; psychoanalytic history dwells "upon the irrational . . . aspects of individual and collective behavior"; *mentalité* history gives "greater credence to popular beliefs than to the 'elitist' ideas of philosophers."

Despite her indignation, Himmelfarb does not want to suppress these new forms; what she opposes is their domination of the profession. Part of the profession, anyway: in the publishing marketplace, traditional history still fares quite well. In the work of historians as diverse as, say, Daniel Boorstin and Barbara Tuchman, the traditional practices of storytelling, political analysis and moral judgment are all flourishing. But if the fads of the new history continue to blight the academic scene, Himmelfarb argues, we will be threatened with a profound loss: "We will lose not only the unifying theme that has given coherence to history, not only the notable events, individuals, and institutions that have constituted our historical memory and our heritage . . . but also a conception of man as a rational, political animal."

—By Otto Friedrich



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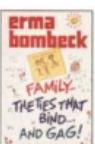


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Bookends

FAMILY: THE TIES THAT BIND . . . AND GAG! by Erma Bombeck
McGraw-Hill; 199 pages; \$15.95



In the '60s, during the geologic age called Early Subdivision, a distracted housewife and sometime journalist named Erma Bombeck discovered what to do with two-week-old tuna casserole: turn the stuff into a howl of a newspaper column. Prepare three times a week; serves 31 million in 900 papers, at latest count. In this eighth book, an amiable reworking of her familiar material, Bombeck is still distracted like a fox and still being funny about her layabout kids and the alien life forms that glow in the back of refrigerators.

If she were accurately reporting the changes in her own life, she would admit that she no longer has to count the crumbs in cracker-box suburbia. If state-fair-quality dust balls grow anywhere in her snazzy Arizona rancho, it is in the box with those twelve honorary doctorates. Maybe she could do a column on rising to accept her appointment to the President's Advisory Committee for Women, only to feel the elastic turn coward and head south in her . . . nah. Bombeck knows what she is doing, and she honors the passage of time by retelling beloved old knee-slappers. Her son, now grown, comes home for a visit, throws the door open, and just the way he used to 15 years ago, looks her in the eye and asks, "Anyone home?" Her adult kids still lock themselves in the bathroom till the dishes are done. Leftovers? Sure, but we roar for more.

PLAYMAKER

by Thomas Keneally
Simon & Schuster; 353 pages; \$18.95



The notion of a drama inside a drama, set in an institution and authenticated by history, provided *Marat/Sade* with its power. Some 20 years later, Australian Novelist Thomas Keneally (*Schindler's List*) attempts the same tour de force with a fictive account of an incident in 1789, when his native land was a penal colony. There, a troupe of convicts acted in George Farquhar's comedy *The Recruiting Officer*, under the supervision of their frowning keepers. The opportunities for irony are omnipresent: male and female prisoners, known as lags and she-lags, are liberated into their parts, while guards are locked inside their roles as soldiers. Under the Southern Cross an upright commanding officer, tempted by a she-lag, consults a chaplain on the validity of marriage vows

made in another hemisphere. Perhaps the greatest irony is the novel's skimpiness. The cast of characters is rollicking, and the plots are properly tangled. But little is fleshed out, and the actors onstage seem less artificial than the occurrences that take place outside the makeshift theater. In Keneally's retelling, the play within the play's the thing.

NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER
by Betty Mahmoody with William Hoffer
St. Martin's Press; 420 pages; \$19.95



In August 1984, Michigan Housewife Betty Mahmoody took a two-week trip to Tehran with her Iranian-born husband "Moody" and their daughter Mahtob. Once in his homeland, the osteopath decided to remain, hoping to boost his sagging career. Islamic law required his wife and daughter to obey him, and Moody enforced it by holding them hostage in his sister's house. For 18 months Mahmoody endured captivity, whose travails ranged from lack of Saran Wrap to beatings from her husband, all the while plotting her escape with Mahtob. The pair's 500-mile dash over treacherous mountains into Turkey makes for chilling reading. If Mahmoody's tale echoes another American's flight from the Middle East, it is no coincidence: Co-Author Hoffer also helped write the 1977 escape story *Midnight Express*.

MYRNA LOY: BEING AND BECOMING by James Kotisilas-Davis and Myrna Loy
Knopf; 384 pages; \$22.95



Though she derides run-of-the-mill Hollywood confessional ("Oh, it makes me wild when I think about the rubbish that's printed!"), Myrna Loy follows custom and drops plenty of the requisite juicy names. Except that hers are a classier set. Who else did "Jack" Barrymore call in the middle of the night with the greeting "This is the ham what am?" Well, probably a whole lot of women. But who else was President Roosevelt's favorite actress? On the set of *After the Thin Man*, Newcomer Jimmy Stewart ran around exclaiming "I'm going to marry Myrna Loy!" It was at her piano that Jerome Kern played *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, after the Nazi Occupation. And Lyndon Johnson sent her one of the pens with which he signed the Civil Rights Act of 1968. Loy made 124 films in 60 years and survived to tell about it with charm and graceful understatement. She wants to be remembered, she says, "as sexy and witty and soignée." Exactly. ■



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Music

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The persistence of memory: Tenor Blankenship, Composer Nyman and Baritone Westcott in *Hat*

Elvis Meets the Bacchae

In Philadelphia, two new musicals—or are they really operas?

Anyone who has followed the course of recent contemporary music knows that musical theater is once again where the action is. Composers of all stripes are finding that the blend of playacting, poetry, stagecraft, dance and music can be as vital and communicative as it was 300 years ago in Renaissance Florence. The label for this art form—originally opera, operetta, musical, even Broadway show latterly—matters not. Nor does the increasingly arbitrary distinction between high art and pop culture: Stephen Sondheim's *Pacific Overtures* and *Sweeney Todd*, for example, have joined Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* in the repertoires of English and American opera companies. It is a truth that the Viennese, who have always made room on their stage for both opera and operetta, have long understood: art is no respecter of venue.

For the past three years, Philadelphians have been in on the secret. The city's enterprising American Music Theater Festival has already revived Gershwin's lost *Strike Up the Band*, served as the proving ground for Anthony Davis' powerful first opera *X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)* and unearthed *Queenie Pie*, the Duke Ellington "street opera" planned for a Broadway run early next year. Festival Directors Eric Salzman and Marjorie Samoff have become the foremost presenters of new and unusual music theater works in the country.

This season, which ended last week, was typically eclectic. Among the offerings were a musical setting of Mordecai Richler's brash comic novel *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and Composer Salzman's *Stauf*, an anagrammatical up-

dating of the Faust legend co-written by Michael Sahl. The highlights, though, were *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, a moving minimalist meditation by British Composer Michael Nyman based on a case history in Neurologist Oliver Sacks' best seller, and Harry Partch's 1959 *Revelation in the Courthouse Park*, a quirky blending of Euripides and Elvis Presley, scored for an unorthodox orchestra and set to a musical scale with 43 tones instead of the normal twelve.

Because of its complexity and rarity, *Revelation* was the big attraction. Partch's own libretto alternates between two analogous fleshly rites: the orgiastic reception by female fans accorded to Dion (Obba Babatunde), a Presley symbol, and the lustful revels of the mythic Bacchae in praise of their priapic god, Dionysus. Each principal singer takes two roles. Momm (Suzanne Costello) falls under the *Pelvis*' spell, just as her ancient Greek counterpart, Agave, is seduced by Dionysus. When Sonny (Christopher Durham) attempts to intervene, he is, in his alter ego of Pentheus, torn apart by the horde of crazed women.

The California-born Partch, who died in 1974, was a noteworthy iconoclast. Dissatisfied with the "tempered" method of tuning in use since the time of Bach, Partch sought a purer, just intonation based on the harmonic overtones that resonate naturally when any note is sounded. To make his microtones audible, Partch invented a series of exotic instruments constructed out of such objects as artillery shell casings and Pyrex jars.

The problem is that no matter how mathematically correct, just intonation sounds out of tune to those raised



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Ad

Music

on the harmonic system of *The Well-Tempered Clavier*. The ear tends to seize on one note and make it a conventional tonal center; the other intervals become merely dissonant ornamentation to the composer's rather bland basic idiom of pop songs, pentatonic melodies and rock knock-offs. Ultimately, the expanded scale seems more trouble than it is worth, although it does add a piquant coloration to this authentically American oddity.

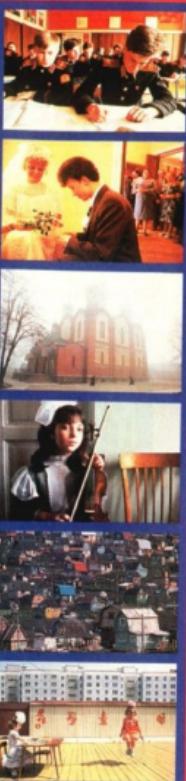
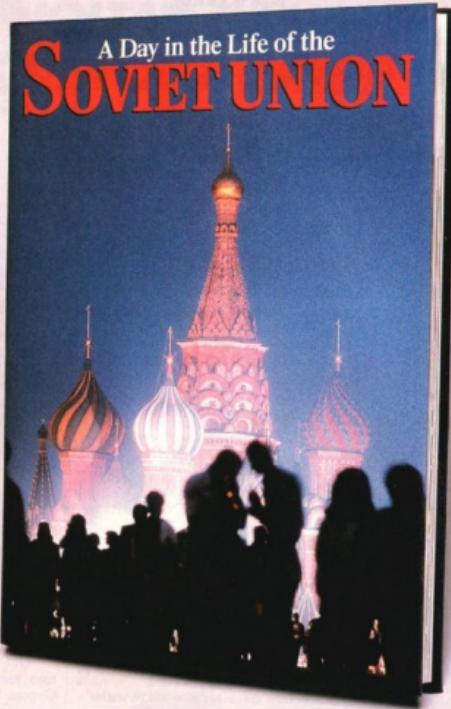
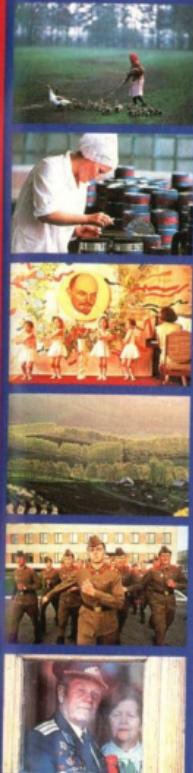
The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat, though, is a real discovery. Sacks' case history tells the story of Dr. P., a musician suffering from a type of agnosia, a gradual degeneration of the brain's ability to synthesize visual images into coherent wholes. Dr. P. could tell that a picture was a rectangle but could not describe what it represented. Somehow he managed to keep his bearings through music, especially that of Robert Schumann. Accordingly, Composer Nyman employs Schumann's song *Ich grolle nicht* from *Dichterliebe* as the musical subtext of his 70-minute chamber opera. Delicately scored for piano, harp and string quintet, Nyman's piece derives its insistent motor rhythm from the song's piano accompaniment and its harmonic structure from Schumann's distinctive use of the major seventh chord. To underscore this structural point, Dr. P. (Bartone Frederick Westcott) even sings the Schumann song to the Sacks-like Examiner (Tenor William Blankenship) half-way through the work.

Librettist Christopher Rawlence and Nyman, a former music critic, have turned what could have been harrowing melodrama into a poignant portrait. Things fall apart, but for a change the center holds and triumphs. *Hat* could be called an opera for people who think opera is too highbrow—if it could not also be called a thinking man's musical. But in a work as fine as this, what does the terminology matter?

—By Michael Walsh



Dion but no Belmonts: Babatunde, foreground



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—Ad for a new Jeep Wrangler

In the past three years alone, the profile of the average jeep owner has undergone a substantial overhaul. According to Chrysler, the premier producer of American jeeps and owner of the Jeep trademark since it bought American Motors Corp. last August, 52% of Jeep purchasers today live in urban or suburban areas, as opposed to 39% in 1984; 60% hold managerial or professional jobs, against 49% three years ago;

not feel like I'm in a truck," she says. In Hollywood, Jeeps have been chic for nearly a decade. Doug Didriksen, president of Walker Brothers Jeeps in West Los Angeles, traces the trend to 1978, when he began selling four-wheelers to entertainment figures. (Bob Newhart, Kenny Rogers, Sly Stallone, Donna Summer and Steven Spielberg have been his customers.) Says Didriksen: "I don't know that I've seen one trend that has been sustained as long as this. It started slowly and has never dipped."

American-made jeeps still predominate, but Japanese variations are making inroads with a 23.1% share of the market in 1986 that is projected to reach 31.9% by the end of this year. The Suzuki Samurai, the best-selling Japanese "toy jeep," has scored a 110% increase in sales over 1986. Its basic list price is under \$7,000, considerably less than the \$10,600-to-\$25,000 range for American models. (A word of caution: the rear seat is just one of some 50 options.) Sales Manager Tony Pacheco of Cerritos Suzuki in Los Angeles County explains the popularity of the miniature vehicles. "In the 1960s everyone had a toy, like hot rods, but lower speed limits now prohibit those." Today's jeeps, like the earlier dragsters, can be souped up with a variety of gizmos, including "lift kits" (a set of springs that raises the chassis higher off the ground), running boards to help passengers climb into the elevated cabs, fog lights, protective body molding, and tubular steel grates to protect the grille from imaginary sagebrush.

Old-fashioned Jeep lovers sneer at the toys and their trappings. According to George McVey Sr., 48, headmaster of St. Christopher's School in Richmond and owner of two Jeep Cherokees, the Japanese versions just do not have the oomph needed to haul his 3,000-lb. boat. "The Isuzu Trooper just couldn't pull it." Nor are the teeny trucks well suited to long-distance drives. Atlanta Salesman Stewart Powell, 25, describes a "miserable" 200-mile journey in his Samurai: "It's like driving a go-cart. On the highway the engine is really loud, and you feel like you're surrounded by tin." Then again, there is a downside to virtually all jeeps: four-wheel drive means lower gas mileage.

Cynthia Cohan, 39, a Los Angeles lawyer and mother of two, tolerates her Cherokee's inconveniences in return for the advantages it gives her in negotiating war-torn freeway lanes. Its "macho presence," she says, keeps snippy sports cars from cutting her off. The desert-fox image holds little appeal for Cohan, who uses the vehicle as an updated substitute for the hopelessly unchic Country Squire station wagon. But she admits to her own jeep fantasy: "When the big earthquake comes," she says, "I'm going to drive up and over the rubble." —By Martha Smiglis. Reported by Nancy Harbert/Albuquerque and B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit



Albuquerque Attorney Nora Kelly prepares to take her pets for a spin in her year-old Wrangler. "Even if you're wearing a suit, the jeep is ready to take you somewhere exciting."

Come again? World War II Army generals would flip in their graves if they could see what has become of the trusty little truck commissioned for \$740 apiece in 1941. Who could have foreseen that the military's drab workhorse, the general purpose vehicle—jeep, for short—would be reborn 40 years later in electric colors as Cherokees, Broncos, Renegades, Blazers and Samurais and used to cart fashion victims and C.P.A.s up the ramps of suburban parking structures?

But such is the case. From the Southwest to the Sunbelt, an army of would-be Tarzans and Sheenas, cowboys and cowgirls are riding high in the saddle in their brawny and boxy four-wheelers. Once the choice of rough-riding macho men who used them for off-road hunting and fishing expeditions, jeeps are now favored by suburban squires, teenagers, retirees and women of all ages. Most are using the vehicles to explore the well-paved and not-so-wide-open spaces of the nation's cities and suburbs. "They're easy to spot in a parking lot," notes Phoebe Latimer, 27, an Albuquerque Wrangler owner, "because they sit above everything else."

60% are college graduates, up from 45%; and they have a median income of \$57,000, up from \$42,000. "It's a very upscale, young buyer, basically within that spectrum called baby boomers," says Joseph Cappy, group vice president.

The other big change in demographics is the jump in women purchasers. According to estimates by Christopher Cedergren, a California auto analyst, five years ago the number of female buyers was negligible; now they are 24% of the market. Their attraction to the rugged vehicles ranges from the romantic to the practical. "It probably serves as a psychological boost for me to not feel as citified as I am," explains Nora Kelly, 29, an attorney in a conservative Albuquerque law firm and owner of a lip-stick-red Wrangler. "Even if you're wearing a suit, the jeep is ready to take you somewhere exciting." Jennifer Griffith, 24, of Springfield, N.J., bought her Ford Bronco two years ago in order to cart materials while working as a construction engineer, but she has found that it is equally well suited to her current position as a paralegal and part-time law student. "I can go out, dressed up, to anyplace fancy and

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"Creativity keeps you from getting bored," announces **Erté**. And, apparently, from growing old too. Eighty-nine years after designing his first gown at age six for his mother, the Russian-born artist (né Romain de Tirtoff) has managed to retain a youthful infatuation with fashion, as well as an old pro's knack for generating publicity. He is currently busy overseeing a new line of jewelry based on his elegant anthropomorphic alphabet and reproductions of his Cocteau watch, which features minute and hour hands in the svelte shapes of a man and a woman. Erté, who turns 95 next month, arrives in the U.S. this week for a whirlwind, four-week-long birthday celebration culminating with a gala black-tie bash at Trump Tower in Manhattan. The ever dapper artist prefers to sport a silver brooch instead of a tie at formal affairs, explaining, "I like to have my own look." Spoken like a true original.



Timeless style: Erté in Paris

tired Air Force brigadier general, touched down in Dayton last week during a series of flights he was making to commemorate the 40th anniversary of his breaking the sound

The kids are all right: Lennon, Harris, Leitch and Gaye

For all their vaunted powers of ratiocination, grand masters of chess tend to be a skittish lot. So perhaps it was no more than the meowing cat heard at the Lope de Vega theater in Seville last week that caused defending Champion **Gary Kasparov**, 24, to forget to punch his clock during Game 2 of his world title match against Arch-rival (and former Champion) **Anatoli Karpov**, 36. The amateurish blunder gave Karpov three minutes of Kasparov's time. Kasparov belatedly realized his mistake—shaking his head and gesturing with his hands in dismay—but it was too late. With only one minute left to play before the 30-minute break, his game crumbled and, six moves later, he conceded defeat. The match will go to the first player who wins six games, but Kasparov quietly reassured himself in Game 3—forcing a draw and putting the pressure back on Karpov.

His penchant for "pushing the envelope" of aircraft per-

formance made aviation history, but **Chuck Yeager** is more inclined nowadays to "jump Mach" for the sheer fun of it. The plain-talking pilot, a re-

barrier. A sort of one-man frequent-flyer program, Yeager, 64, flew an F-4 from Reno to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, then took off to buzz his old high school in Hamlin, W. Va., breaking the sound barrier along the way. Later that day he returned to his alma mater in a Marine Harrier for the unveiling of a bronze statue of him. Sure, 750 m.p.h. is still pretty fast, but is it true he sets the cruise control in his car at 55 m.p.h.? "When you get older," deadpans Yeager, "you tend to slow down a bit."

They are all chips off the old rock-n-roll block, but **Sean Lennon**, 12, **Donovan Leitch**, 20, **Nona Gaye**, 13, **Gabriel Earl Harris**, 17, want to be more than just an echo of their famous parents. *Rolling Stone* magazine has assembled some precocious progeny of superstars past for its 20th anniversary issue, due on newsstands this week. According to *Stone* Publisher **Jann Wenner**, 41, both the



Yeager: flights of fancy

kids and the music have "gotten bigger. The stunning thing is the vitality." And diversity. Sean, whose half brother **Julian**, 24, already resembles **Dad John**, made his singing debut at age nine on his mother **Yoko Ono**'s album and has just finished a new video with his pal **Michael Jackson**. Leitch, meanwhile, has landed the lead in a forthcoming movie, *The In Crowd*, and is co-producing a "teenaged Big Chill" called *Cousins' Club*. Says he: "**Donovan** wasn't an actor, so my way is free and clear." Gaye, the daughter of the late soul star **Marvin**, is a seventh-grader who lives in Los Angeles with her mother and—guess what—is interested in singing and acting. Harris, the son of Folk Singer **Joan Baez** and '60s Activist **David Harris**, lives at home too, works for a landscaper and listens to his favorite group—the Grateful Dead. He doesn't play an instrument but, like any Dead Head, sports long hair and tie-dyed T shirts. Must make Mamma feel nostalgic.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Nobel Prizes

Feats of Inspiration and Originality

Involving superconductors, molecules and gene theory


For the Peace Prize winner, President Oscar Arias Sánchez of Costa Rica, it was a week of stirred political passions and fresh opportunity. Meanwhile, the scientists named by the Nobel Committee to receive the 1987 prize in physics, chemistry and medicine basked in the traditional praise of colleagues around the globe.

The Nobel Prizes were initially established to honor work done during the previous twelve months. That has rarely happened in the 86 years that the Nobel Committee has made the awards, which currently include a stipend of \$340,000. Indeed, recognition of even the most significant scientific discoveries can take decades. But the research that earned this year's Physics Prize was such an obvious breakthrough that the academy acted with remarkable haste. Karl Alex Müller, 60, of Switzerland and Johannes Georg Bednorz, 37, a West German, became laureates less than two years after their discovery of high-temperature superconductivity and just a year after their findings were first published.

The chemistry award went to two Americans, Charles J. Pedersen, 83, now retired from Du Pont, and Donald J. Cram, 68, of the University of California, Los Angeles, and French Chemist Jean-Marie Lehn, 48. The three were cited for their work, dating back as far as the 1960s, in creating artificial molecules that can mimic the behavior of hormones and other organic substances. The lone winner in medicine was Susumu Tonegawa, 48, a Japanese-born molecular biologist at M.I.T. His contribution showing how a handful of genes in a small number of immune cells turn out a staggering variety of antibodies to protect the body against disease.

In one dramatic development, Bednorz and Müller revived a slow-moving area of modern physics and turned it into a white-hot field of research. Superconductivity is the phenomenon in which a conducting material loses its normal resistance to the passage of electricity; since virtually no energy is lost, any electric device becomes far more efficient when built with superconductors. The catch is that superconductivity usually occurs only near 0 K (Kelvin), or -460° F, which means the materials must be cooled by expensive, hard-to-handle liq-

uid helium, thus sharply limiting practical applications.

The two scientists, working at the IBM labs near Zurich, discovered a new ceramic that raised the temperature to 35 K. Since then, other researchers have used similar materials to achieve superconductivity at even higher temperatures. Indeed, Paul C.W. Chu of the University of Houston and colleagues reached 98 K, or -283° F, an achievement some physi-



Exultant winners: Physicists Bednorz and Müller after hearing the news

"One could have expected it, but when it is reality, it seems unreal."

cists think should have earned Chu a share of the prize. That level of cooling can be achieved with more readily available liquid nitrogen. Suddenly, a wide range of applications seems economically feasible: trains that ride on a cushion of magnetism; smaller, faster supercomputers; more powerful medical imaging machines; and 100%-efficient power lines. The superfast train, notes Bednorz, "is a real dream of mine."

Müller was inspired to the discovery while walking in a monastery garden during a 1983 conference in Erice, Sicily. Although most existing superconductors were metals, theorists had suggested that ceramics, which usually act as insulators at room temperature, might also work because of their molecular structure. Stirred by a lecture on the subject, Müller started thinking about specific kinds of ceramics that might do the job. Says Bednorz: "As outsiders in the superconductor area, we could afford to tackle unconventional ideas." Was the award a surprise? "Based on the interest our work aroused, one could

have expected it," says Müller, "but when it is reality, it seems unreal."

It seemed downright preposterous to Donald O. Cram of Altadena, Calif., when he got a phone call notifying him that he had just won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. Reason: Cram is in the rug-shampooing business. The Swedish Academy of Sciences had rung up the wrong man. Quipped UCLA Chemist Donald J. Cram after hearing about the mix-up: "There is some chemistry involved in carpet cleaning." Cram, Pedersen and Lehn, working independently, shared the award for their work in "host-guest" chemistry. "The basis of our work," explains Lehn, "is the way molecules are able to recognize each other." In nature, molecules that work together have complementary shapes, like a lock and a key, and only the right key will fit to initiate a given reaction. In essence, the trio managed to create synthetic molecular keys that fit the locks as well. Those new molecules have been used experimentally to partially detoxify rats contaminated with lead or radioactive strontium.

M.I.T.'s Tonegawa might never have received his Nobel Prize if it were not for U.S. immigration laws. After his visa expired in 1971, Tonegawa, who had recently completed his Ph.D. at the University of California at San Diego, was forced to leave the U.S. He ended up at Switzerland's Basel Institute for Immunology, where he managed to solve a puzzle that had baffled biologists for a century.

Tonegawa proved that cells accomplish the Herculean task of making antibodies to order by reshuffling parts of the genes that govern the production of antibodies, the cellular building blocks of the immune system. He likens the process to rearranging the boxcars on a freight train. "The dogma was that the order of the genes in any one person is immutable," he says. "The freight train never shifts its cars around." In spite of prevailing theory, Tonegawa found that the "cars" did indeed rearrange themselves in a multitude of different configurations to make the antibodies that fight off diseases. His work has led to discoveries of how some cancers form and could help in understanding such immune disorders as AIDS or rheumatoid arthritis. To appreciate why the immune system goes wrong, notes Tonegawa, researchers must first understand what happens if it is going right.

—By Michael D. Lemonick
Reported by Margaret Studer/Zurich, with other bureaus



Tonegawa

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Theater

Skirmishing Along the Borders

BURN THIS by Lanford Wilson

Scenes from contemporary Manhattan life: a leggy choreographer, who can swing the rent on her funky loft apartment only by sharing it with two gay male roommates, sprawls and stares, momentarily graceless in grief. One of them, who was also her collaborator, has died in a boating accident; the other, whose solace she craves, is not at home. Her boyfriend shows up, and she tries to send him away. Their sexual and romantic intimacy cannot begin to compare with the bond she felt toward the dead man who shared her work. She has never had—is not she has ever wanted—what other people call a personal life.

This unsettling premise is set up in the opening minutes of, oddly enough, a comedy, the first noteworthy new play of the Broadway season, which officially began in May. *Burn This* starts out as a sly sketch of the way we live now, making fun equally of hip characters onstage and of the dead roommate's unseen blue-collar family. Then the show metamorphoses into a scary collision between those two cultures. Finally it becomes a romance between the elegant choreographer and the dead man's explosive, disturbing older brother—a sexually charged clash of classes reminiscent of *It Happened One Night* or, in its brutality and danger, of the



Malkovich, Liberatore and Allen in *Burn This*: more whatever than ever

misfit infatuation in *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. The final scene is rapprochement so tentative that it is played entirely in the dark: these reluctant lovers are unable even to look at each other.

At three hours, *Burn This* is too long and digressive, but as staged by Marshall W. Mason and a splendid young cast, it wins laughter in even its unnerving moments. If the narrative is indebted to the mainstream past, the tone has a more avant-garde echo of Sam Shepard—a border skirmish between knockabout farce and knockdown violence. Yet playwright Lanford Wilson manages to integrate well-crafted gags, mostly for the surviving gay

roommate (Lou Liberatore). He describes his friend's gaudy casket as looking "like a giant Spode soup tureen." He says to the choreographer (Joan Allen) about her boyfriend (Jonathan Hogan), "I don't know why you don't just marry him and... buy things." In mock self-pity he demands, "Have you ever been to a gay New Year's Eve party? The suicide rate is higher than all of Scandinavia put together."

In 1980 Wilson won a Pulitzer Prize for *Talley's Folly* and Broadway acclaim for *Fifth of July*, companion pieces set on the same Missouri homestead. In *Burn This*, he reaches for a less sentimental key. But onstage the louder voice belongs to John Malkovich, a rising star (*Death of a Salesman* with Dustin Hoffman, Paul Newman's film of *The Glass Menagerie*) doing an Actors Studio-style star turn. As the intrusive brother, he slams in, bounces off walls, spews a stream of unapologetic profanity, all the while wearing—at the actor's insistence—a shoulder-length black wig that brings to mind Laurence Olivier camping it up as Richard III. Fortunately, Malkovich has a gift for suggesting depths in inarticulate characters: the audience laughs with, not at, him when he says of his grief and drunkenness, "This has made me—you know—not as whatever as I usually am." In truth, he is much more whatever than ever. But *Burn This* prospers more from his talents than it suffers from his excesses, and a surprising number of its seemingly throwaway moments linger and ripen in memory.

—By William A. Henry III

Milestones

BORN. Paul Holc, who the same day became the world's youngest transplant recipient when his underdeveloped heart was replaced with that of an infant born without a brain; on Oct. 16; at Loma Linda (Calif.) University Medical Center. Weight: 6 lbs. 6½ oz. Diagnosed in the womb as suffering from hypoplastic left-heart syndrome, Holc was delivered by Caesarean section and 2½ hours later went into surgery directed by Dr. Leonard Bailey, who in 1984 placed a baboon heart in an infant. Of Bailey's eight previous infant transplant patients, five have survived; the youngest was four days old.

DYING. Louis Tullio, 70, and Richard Calligari, 56, mayors of Erie and Pittsburgh, respectively, both with amyloidosis, an incurable, fatal disease that attacks such organs as the kidneys, heart and liver or the nervous system. The fact that two Pennsylvania mayors have fallen victim to the

rare affliction, which has no known cause, was seen by medical experts as an unexplainable coincidence.

DISCHARGED. Ferdinand Marcos, 70, deposed President of the Philippines; from Honolulu's St. Francis Medical Center, where a nonmalignant tumor was removed from his neck. The growth had affected one of his parathyroid glands, causing leg pains that Marcos had attributed to World War II wounds.

DIED. Walter Brattain, 85, a 1956 Nobel laureate in physics whose research (with John Bardeen and William Shockley) on semiconductors at Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey led in 1947 to the invention of the transistor, which provided the electronic miniaturization indispensable to the computer age; of Alzheimer's disease; in Seattle. His one wry regret about the invention was that it was

used by rock musicians to amplify sound to "where it is both painful and injurious."

DIED. Alfred M. Landon, 100, former Kansas Republican Governor who lost every state but Maine and Vermont to Incumbent Franklin D. Roosevelt in the 1936 presidential election; after hospitalization for bronchitis; at home in Topeka. Landon, who had scant hope of beating Roosevelt, took his defeat in good grace and endured to become the Grand Old Party's grand old man; his birthday became the occasion for pilgrimages to his home by Republican officeholders, most recently Ronald Reagan on Sept. 6. In 1978 his popularity helped his daughter, Republican Nancy Landon Kassebaum, win election to the U.S. Senate from Kansas.



May 18, 1936

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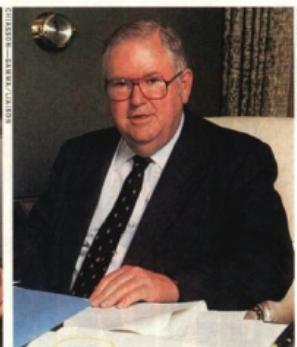
Don't Go Near The Dollars

The Columbia B-school vetoes a \$100,000 classroom offer

Everybody knows that the big reason for going to business school is to get smart about business. Correct? And if you get smart enough to make megabucks while still in B-school, then good for you—and the university that showed you how to do it. Correct?

Well, no, says John Burton, dean of the Columbia Business School. Last week Burton marched into the classroom of Asher Edelman, a bronzed wizard of corporate raiding who is doubling as a rookie adjunct professor at the B-school. The dean had a distinctly unwelcome announcement for the seminar "Corporate Raiding: The Art of War." Columbia was rescinding a \$100,000 finder's fee that Professor Edelman had offered to any student who came up with a target company Entrepreneur Edelman could buy.

"Linkage between direct economic incentive and what goes on in the class-



Edelman vs. Burton: Too devilishly commercial for the academic environment?

room would bias the academic environment," explained Burton. How, one student asked brightly, did the Edelman offer differ from Columbia's Hutchinson Award of \$5,000 for any B-schoolers who developed an effective new-venture plan? A matter of quantity and academic quality, indicated the dean. Whereupon Edelman asked whether the class agreed. It

did not, by a vote of 14 to 1. But the school's faculty strongly backed Burton.

Edelman, who claims the fee is his usual one, argued that academic freedom was being violated. Prior to the classroom showdown, he protested to Burton that Finance Professor James Scott had approved the offer of a fee last fall. Edelman even suggested spreading the \$100,000

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among all the seminar students, and matching it with a \$100,000 grant to the university. To no avail. Burton threatened to cancel Edelman's class and his appointment. The eclectic entrepreneur—whose office is hung with his museum-caliber art collection, along with the scalps of such takeover prizes as Data Point and Telex Corp.—wants to continue teaching, and so caved in.

The controversy fueled negative comment across the country. At the University of California, Berkeley, David Vogel, who teaches business ethics, said flatly, "The faculty should have censured him or fired him." Harvard, Stanford and Northwestern reported that their schools would never have approved. Observed Richard West, dean of New York University's business school: "Some students in our schools may want to sell their souls to the devil. But we should not have the devil standing at the front of the class."

Others were not so quick to cast brimstone. Harvard Business Professor Samuel Hayes saw only "an error of magnitude. The offer was so lush, he argued, that Edelman "created the impression

he was trying to bend the students' will." Raymond Miles, dean of Berkeley's business school, was "hesitant to say it's clearly inappropriate or unethical." But, he wondered, "do we turn the academic enterprise into a marketable factory?"

The problem is not limited to business schools. Science whiz kids; computer hotshots; music, art and writing students—all

have worked with professors to create marketable projects. In B-school classrooms, however, the issues of money and purpose may be irresolvably muddled by the institution's bedrock function of providing an education pointed toward profit. Dean John Rosenblum of the University of Virginia's business school notes that, like others, his school routinely participates in corporate-sponsored contests with financial rewards for smart students. Thus he sees nothing inherently wrong in a classroom offer.

But Rosenblum, putting his finger on what is perhaps the most sensitive part of the issue, condemns the element of personal gain for the professor. "That's absolutely wrong," he states. He adds that the whole adventure gives off a deplorable "me first, let's get in there and make our money" attitude. In today's business whirl, though, with M.B.A. students convinced that the bucks start here, the wonder may be that no one thought of Edelman's \$100,000 learn-and-earn incentive before.

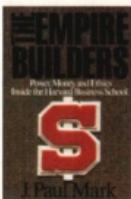
—By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston, with other bureaus

Meanwhile, at Harvard

Amid Columbia's turmoil, Harvard had its own scholars-and-dollars flap last week. In a new book, *The Empire Builders: Power, Money & Ethics Inside the Harvard Business School* (Morrow; \$19.95), Author J. Paul Mark, an ex-Harvard researcher, accuses many B-school profs of stealing ideas from students and using them to get consulting fees and corporate directorships. Dean John

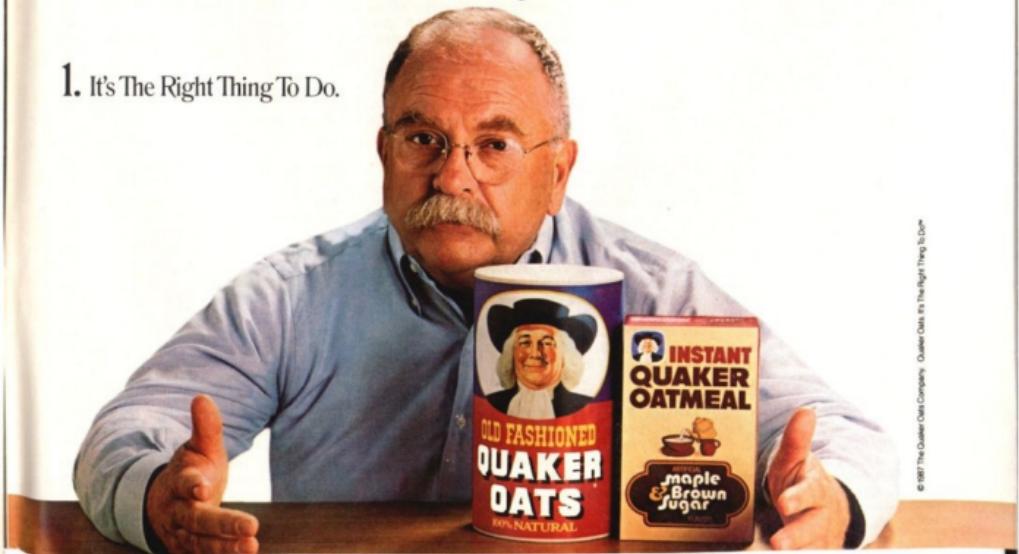
McArthur censures the book for "hundreds of factual errors and fabricated events." Typical of the screaming wounded: Professor Michael Porter, who claims Mark never talked with him before writing a tale of alleged pirating of student concepts in a business-strategy plan for the National Football League.

There is talk of libel suits against author and publisher. But Mark stands by his work, saying, "It doesn't surprise me they're not lining up to tell Dean McArthur they spoke with me. It doesn't enhance their standing at the school."



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Internal Strife at the World Series

The roof's the limit for Herzog's Cardinals and Kelly's Twins

Indoor baseball has finally made it to the World Series, along with the Minnesota Twins (né Washington Senators) and St. Louis Cardinals. The Cardinals' once again coming through dire circumstances is a drama without suspense, but the Twins are a thorough surprise. Over 84 fall classics, only the 1973 New York Mets lost more games along the way (81 to 78). In both instances, first at Cincinnati and now Detroit, the playoff victim was Sparky Anderson, who has penned a small couplet on ups: "It ain't no fun when the rabbit's got the gun."

Tom Kelly, the major leagues' youngest manager at 37, inherited a considerable legacy from the Twins' old owner, Calvin Griffith: a powerful first baseman, Kent Hrbek; a complete third baseman, Gary Gaetti; a reliable left-handed pitcher, Frank Viola; and a little, round outfielder, Kirby Puckett. Through the ingenuity of young General Manager Andy MacPhail, 34—two storied baseball names, Griffith and MacPhail—scrappy Outfielder Dan Gladden was added, along with a pair of heavy-duty relievers, Juan Berenguer from San Francisco and Jeff Reardon from Montreal. Greg Gagne has been a joyous shortstop, and Rightfielder Tom Brunsansky a force at the plate. Still and all, Home-dome or away, the critical ingredient may have been the calm manner of Kelly.

The Line Crumbles

Last week the owners won the toss and elected to kick the heart out of the players. Twenty-four futile days into their strike, the National Football League's itchy regulars surrendered en masse, only to be apprised at the door that they had just missed the weekly deadline for returning. If they wished to work the rest of the week at training-camp wages (\$500 to \$750), they were welcome to hang around their old practice fields, as long as they stayed out from under foot



Dome showdown: Redbird Shortstop Smith, Minnesota Reliever Berenguer



The Cardinals, fresh from a record eighth seventh-game victory in ten lifetime opportunities, have now run or limped their way to three World Series in six seasons. "It seems when they get things going," sighed the San Francisco pitcher Mike Kruskow, "they're a carou-sel. They just keep chiming in runs." But knowing they took the season and the playoffs largely with pitching at the end, Cardinals Base Stealer Vince Coleman cautions, "You have to establish a hitting game before you can establish a running game."

Manager Whitey Herzog, 55, scratching his head of straw, would be happy if he could just establish a lineup. Healthy pitchers are so precious that rather than

while the replacements prepared for a third league game. Whether this amounted to piling on, running up the score or unnecessary roughness was not immediately clear.

A lot of things were hazy, like who was hired and who was fired, and what the ripple or tidal effect will be for the rest of this season and years to come. The Hall of Fame offensive lineman Gene Upshaw, who may not be offensive enough for a labor leader, defined the Players Association was mortally wounded. "They definitely took a hunk of flesh out of us," he said, "but we're not busted. We're still here." Announcing that the union

had filed an antitrust suit against the owners' "blatant display of monopoly powers," Upshaw said, "We've tried bargaining, we've been on strike. Now we'll let the courts

decide." They intend to challenge the basic N.F.L. contract, the reserve system, even the college draft.

In the court of public opinion, the players lost horribly. Scoffing at the idea of free agency for \$230,000 athletes, somehow the fans found it easier to relate to Detroit Owner William Clay Ford or Washington's Jack Kent Cooke (worth \$900 million apiece). Stadium crowds seemed to be bouncing back, suggesting the customers might be warming to new heroes, but more than anything else, the strikers missed their paychecks. They had to wait an extra week to be reunited. ■



Upshaw, with his counsel, folding

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